THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Million and a Quarter
Circulation Weekly

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It's the *altogether perfection* of Kuppenheimer Clothes that makes them the choice of men who know what is best and *all* that is best in seasonable garments.

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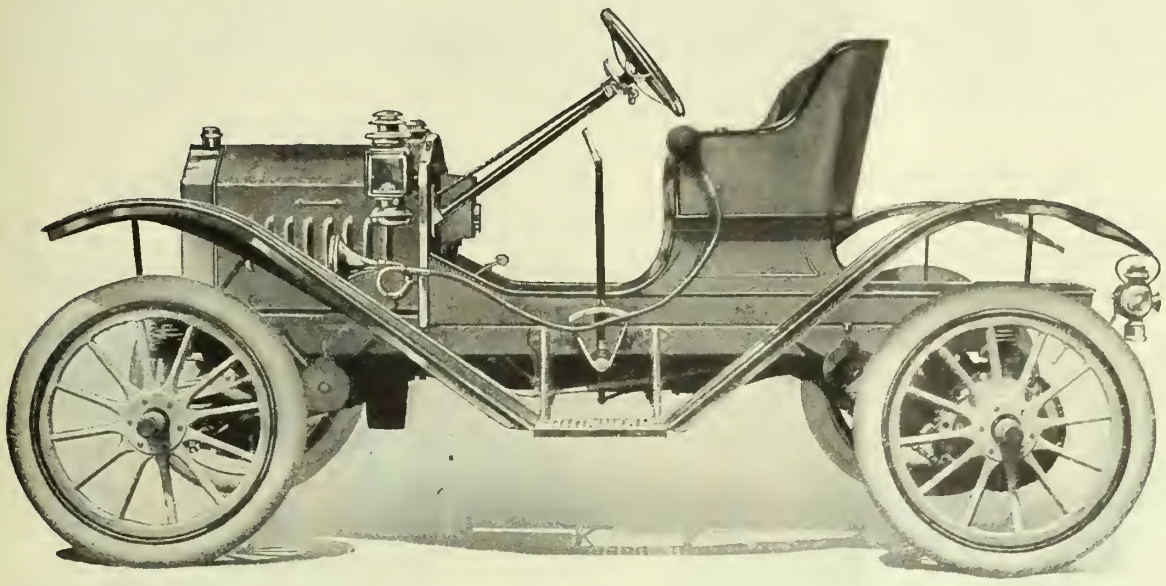
The House of Kuppenheimer

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

Everyman's Car at Last



1910 Brush $485.00

Think of it—$485 *for the* best-built, most thoroughly proven, easiest-riding, most economical, handiest small automobile in the world!

The New Brush Runabout not only outclasses all small cars, but is far ahead of its own previous high standard.

Even though we have learned the lessons all manufacturers have to learn by experience—even though we have manufacturing facilities as nearly perfect as money and brains can make them—still we could not build a car of the quality of the 1910 Brush if we merely imitated the big cars with all their complicated parts and all parts necessarily smaller and weaker.

Here's where the genius of the designer counts.

The Brush has always been and still is the only real Runabout built in America.

The new 1910 Brush is not a designer's dream but the result of years of experience and a knowledge acquired by manufacturing 3,000 Brushes that are in daily use. It is a car which with one chassis adapts itself perfectly by change of bodies to a hundred different uses.

It is a car new in power, smoothness, speed and looks but built on proven principles by an organization already perfected.

The Brush has the fewest possible parts but they are of sufficient size and strength to stand the hardest knocks.

Simplicity makes it possible to build the car right and still sell it at this wonderful price.

As for reliability, there is no comparison between the Brush and any of the small imitations of larger multi-cylinder cars.

With the new Brush you get single-cylinder simplicity, reliability, light weight, low gasoline and oil consumption, low tire expense with four-cylinder power and smoothness.

Its new balanced motor runs as quietly as a four-cylinder and is as flexible. Its power is astonishing.

The most wonderful improvement in Motor Car Construction in years.

While the balanced motor is the most remarkable feature of the 1910 Brush, we have made numerous other improvements and refinements.

Here are some of them: wheel-base lengthened 6 inches; more graceful and rakish lines; Mercedes type radiator; new selective control; universal coupling-shaft; improved dust-proof commutator; multiple disc low and reverse clutches; transmission control levers entirely housed and oil-tight; more quiet muffler.

In our magnificent new plant, we make every part of the Brush except the wheels, tires and electric equipment. The Brush buyer pays no middleman's or parts-maker's profit.

READ THE SPECIFICATIONS

Motor—10 H. P., *balanced* single cylinder, four-cycle, vertical, 4″ x 5″, water cooled; located in front under hood; every part instantly accessible; three point suspension.

Balancing—After balancing by the usual counterweights, one extra loaded balance gear, driven by a crankshaft gear, is applied, the result of which is to take out *all* of the vibration due to reciprocating weight and in addition *most* (or at times *all*) of the torque vibration—theoretically *in better balance than a four-cylinder motor.*

Transmission—Internal gear type, perfectly quiet; entirely enclosed and absolutely oil-tight.

Cooling—Mercedes type radiator, on Briscoe thermo-syphon system, eliminating pump.

Drive—Double side chains to rear wheels.

Control—Single hand-lever of selective action for all speeds; spark and throttle under steering-wheel; foot-pedal releases clutch without touching the hand-lever, and also applies the brake. This clutch release by the foot is one of the fine features of the Brush and is found on no other low-priced car.

Steering Gear—Another exceptional feature; internal reducing spur gear, slow and powerful at straight-ahead and accelerating as the wheel turns; entirely enclosed and oil-tight.

Axles and Frames—Oil-treated, selected wood, oak, hickory and maple; wonderful for strength, durability and lightness.

Springs—Spiral, located at extreme four corners; absolutely the easiest riding springs on any car and mechanically impossible to break.

Brakes—Internal expanding in rear sprocket hubs.

Wheels—Artillery, with 28″ x 3″ pneumatic tires.

Wheel-Base—80 inches.

Tread—56″. For Southern trade 60″.

Equipment—Tools, tire kit, 3 oil lamps, horn.

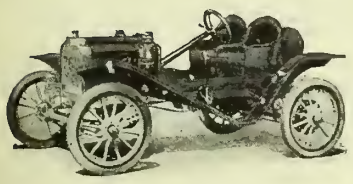
Color—Maroon, except coupé.

Body—Divided seat; trimmed in high-grade leather. Platform on rear, as pictured above, with equipment $485.00.

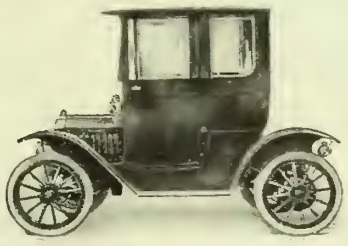
Six special bodies, furnished on order, at extra prices, as follows: rear platform with steel tool box; rear compartment with removable steel deck; single or double rumble with wooden tool box; racer type; coupé.

Speed—35 miles an hour, except racer type, which has special gearing.

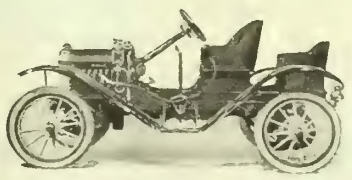
BRUSH RUNABOUT CO., 1031 BALTIMORE AVE., DETROIT, MICHIGAN.



Model D 28



Model D Coupé



Model D 26

R 84

Everyman's Car—

Merchants
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The Young Folks—

The Brush knows no class; there is no limit to its usefulness. A tried, proven automobile for less than the cost of a good horse and buggy.

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Please send me copy of the new Brush Catalog.

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Get This Wear Insurance With Your Hose

There is no need at all for hose to wear out as ordinary hose do—no need for darning each week.

And there is no need to wear coarse and cumbersome hose to get hose that wear as they should—to get 6 pairs of hose guaranteed to wear six months.

No man, woman or child will ever want finer hose than "Holeproof" after once wearing it—after "Holeproof" has shown its worth.

No unguaranteed hose was ever softer—more comfortable or more stylish.

See What We Pay For Yarn

We use no common yarn. The cotton from which our yarn is made is imported from Egypt and from the Sea Island district.

It costs us an average of 63c per lb.

We could buy cotton yarns for almost half what we pay.

But "Holeproof" would not then be the most for the money—it would be heavy and coarse. We see that each pair of Holeproof Hose is better than any other make.

Note What We Spend For Inspection

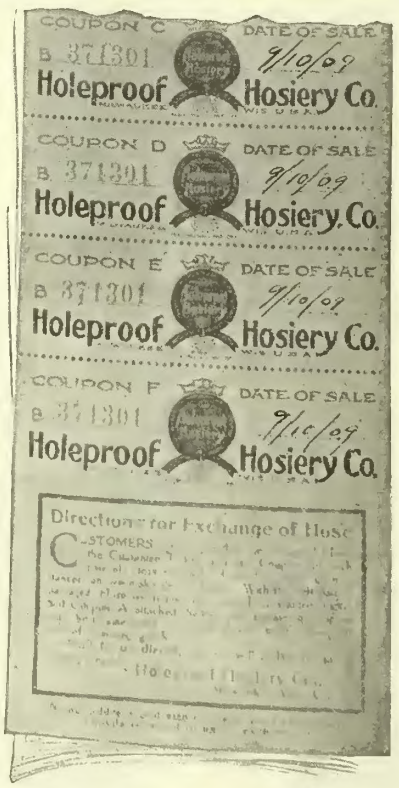
To this end we employ 80 people to inspect every pair. They do nothing else. A pair that's not up to our standard is instantly thrown out.

This costs $30,000 a year.

But it's one of the things that insures you good hose.

When a maker sells four million pairs in a year he can afford to spend more for his quality.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN



The Widest Choice in Weights and Colors

No other hose that we know are made in so many attractive colors for fall and winter wear.

No other give such a wide choice in weights.

The dealers are showing the new fall hose now. It will pay you to see what they're like.

But Look for "Holeproof" on the Toe

"Holeproof" is the original guaranteed hose. 31 years were spent in perfecting it. No amateur maker with less experience can make hose even one-half so good.

There are scores of poor imitations. Look at the toe for the name "Holeproof." If "Holeproof" isn't there the hose are not genuine—not the original—not what you asked for and want.

Genuine "Holeproof" is Sold in Your Town

We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or we'll ship direct, where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Cut out the size and price list below as a memo and see that the box bears the trademark shown. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

(9)

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, $2. Mercerized. Same colors as above.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Silk Sox—3 pairs for $2. Guaranteed for three months, warranted pure silk.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
362 Fourth Street Milwaukee, Wis.

Are Your Hose Insured?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Social Engineering for a City

By JOHN MAPPELBECK

ILLUSTRATION BY MAYO BUNKER

ALL over the United States, just now, people are trying to solve what is known as the "problem of our cities"—trying to find ways of running our cities ably and honestly. In one place dishonest officials are being prosecuted. In another, reform opposes corruption at the polls. Every important American center has today some sort of activity looking toward a better city; and everybody is thinking better cities, which is a pretty sound indication that better cities are bound to come.

There are only two or three important factors in this problem, anyway, no matter what the city or where it is situated.

First, a city, town or even a village exists because of its business interests. Manufacturing, trade and shipping have made it what it is. Were there no commerce there could be no city, that's clear enough.

Second, this business rests on the men who have made the city and keep it going. It rests on mechanics as well as manufacturers. The clerk is a business man no less than the merchant, and a switchman in the yards does his share along with the railroad president. All are business men in the broad sense, and their commercial ability builds the city.

Third, while these men are permitted to make our cities physically and commercially, they have seldom had a hand in running them as cities; and there much of the trouble lies. City management has been left to politicians of small business capacity. The railroad president, assuming that running a city is somehow different from running trains, has stuck to his own business. Or, if he became interested in city affairs, and wanted to give some of his executive ability to better administration, he had to go into politics to do it. Usually he had to go in alone. Politics is radically different from business. Any broad plans for sound administration, such as he would apply to the running of a railroad, needed time to work out. While he was trying to show genuine results the politicians were trying to discredit him. And they usually succeeded, for they had all the arts and most of the machinery to manipulate that surface public opinion which turns such issues.

In the end, probably, the railroader went back to his own shop, where comprehensive plans could be worked out with certainty and in peace. Or if he stayed in politics it was likely for another purpose altogether—namely, to see that nothing whatever was really done in matters affecting his own business interests.

Business Methods in City Government

IN SOME older countries public service is organized with a view to giving congenial work to men who have been successful in business life. In return for part of their time and ability a definite road to social advancement is offered.

In our own country public service has offered hardly anything to business men. There hasn't been compensation in it, nor the fun got out of other work, nor any particular honor, nor even the chance to work quietly and get things done for the sake of good work—which is all that a great many able men would ask. The public official's subordinates have been of a different sort from those who worked for him in business, and he has been hampered by lack of power to "hire and fire." In business, getting an appropriation for urgent work may be only a matter of days. In city affairs, years might be needed. Worst of all, there has been no popular good will behind the business man who ventured into public service—on the contrary, his business connections roused suspicion.

Today, however, there is a new sentiment at work all over the United States. For five years or more the American people have been reading and thinking about business questions. Corporations have been investigated and methods of great business leaders laid bare. The public has seen business handled in the mass, has followed tremendous constructive projects, and has learned what makes our industrial machinery so effective. There has been some blame, but on the whole true business ability has won commendation; and the upshot has been to set higher standards for the business world without greatly hampering efficiency.

These new standards, in turn, must now work out in our public affairs everywhere. What is good for putting a railroad on a paying basis, people reason, must also be good for running a city. So, finally, it looks as though the ability that makes our cities might have a chance to help in their administration.

Just at present an important point seems to be to get these men actually working for the cities—to bring the man and the job together. There are difficulties to be overcome. The business man shrinks from politics, and politicians look sideways at the business man. But the difficulties are being met in various ways all over the country, and the general trend is toward something both new and solid in city administration.

The Boston Movement for a Better City

THE chief purpose of this article is to explain a plan of organization that has been followed recently in Boston. Under this scheme, dozens of merchants, manufacturers, bankers, attorneys and other men of affairs are giving part of their time to the city's interests. They have no concern with politics, either—the work is all along normal business lines. Behind them stands an organization of several thousand other business men who finance the work.

Boston's plan was based on experience in several other cities, as well as upon sound principles learned in the management of men in business relations. Therefore, it not only is suggestive to other communities, but has practical value for anybody organizing and managing people in business.

For several years, now, Boston has been trying to express itself in a "movement." It wants to improve its commercial conditions, and attract new industries and trade. All New England stands behind the Hub in this.

New England is somewhat peculiar, commercially. It is to the United States what Old England is to the world. New England produces few raw materials of importance, and has no coal for power. Yet it makes high-class goods for the rest of the country despite competition from newer industrial sections that have great natural advantages. The South, for instance, has abundant cotton and New England cannot compete with it in cheap fabrics; but when it comes to the best cloth, Southern cotton goes to Massachusetts to be made up. The same with shoes. Cheaper grades are manufactured in the Middle West, but, with few exceptions, the best shoes are made around Boston. New England lies farthest from the raw materials of the West, and also from its markets. A dozen other ports are drawing away its ocean trade, and it lies off the main continental railroad routes. Yet it holds a large proportion of the best trade despite disadvantages, largely because it has exceptionally skillful mechanics for making high class goods.

At the outset several schemes for exploiting Boston were set afoot by politicians. Perceiving a demand, they supplied it. Money was collected from business interests, but spent in ways that, it is said, were not easy to trace. These projects were worth what they cost, however, for they roused interest and led business men to take a hand

themselves. Now the Hub has a broad plan for advancing itself and New England generally on a platform that runs something like this:

New England can hold her present industries, expand them, and attract others of a fine character so long as she has high-class workmen.

Good wages do much to hold good workmen, but favorable living conditions are also necessary. A skilled mechanic should be able to live on his earnings in healthful, pleasant surroundings, educate his children, and save something for old age. The community owes him this much. If he doesn't get it directly in proper conditions, the community will have to give it to him indirectly in charity, at greater cost.

So it is proposed to apply strict business methods to making Boston a better place for working-people to live, and better for manufacturers and merchants to do business.

Industrial health is an enormous item. Boston loses ten million dollars yearly in work, wages and lives through tuberculosis alone, it is estimated. To stop that leak and others like it the business men have set out to organize the best health department obtainable, to prevent accidents in factories and elsewhere, and to improve working conditions, water, food supplies and housing.

Another large item is industrial war. This means not only labor troubles and strikes, but quarrels between business men themselves.

Trade Schools

THERE is a large factory in Boston, employing three thousand union men. It is the chief competitor in its line of the Trust, which employs non-union labor. That factory had a weekly pay-roll running from $26,000 to $29,000. A small union struck for wages that, the manufacturers held, were unjust, and for a whole year the factory was practically shut down, its pay-roll dropping to $9000. This represented a direct loss to the workmen of a million dollars. Every retail merchant in Boston felt the loss. Arbitration might not only prevent such a loss, but might increase that factory's activity, or assure conditions that would bring in other factories. Arbitration is applied to the costly disputes of business men over contracts, with their consequent delay and loss through litigation. By establishing better conditions, and giving employers and employees both a truer sense of what industrial war means, it is planned to keep the one out of the streets and the other out of the courts.

Still another item is industrial education. It is planned to train boys and girls for their work in life, developing not only their minds, but their skill, strength and character. Massachusetts already has the finest public-school equipment for industrial training, and it is proposed to extend it. The earning capacity of working men and women also will be increased by trade courses at evening classes and part-time schools.

Briefly, the business men of Boston, banded together, propose to adjust the whole city's social and industrial forces so that everybody who lives and works there will have a good grasp of the bread-and-butter situation. After that has been accomplished the political situation will undoubtedly take care of itself.

So, the enterprise has been run with little reference to politics, or to who fills the city offices. In the beginning there were dozens of widely-separated men of ability, each working in his own circle and seeing little of the others. Harvard professors seldom met the labor leaders, and shoe men knew little about grain brokers. A new club was organized to bring everybody together—the City Club. It has today several thousand members, and at its noonday lunch the city's ability comes together—bankers, labor men, merchants, attorneys and professional men, manufacturers, journalists, educators.

When these people had got fairly acquainted all the city's commercial organizations were merged into one body in the Boston Chamber of Commerce and made ready for work. Before the consolidation these commercial bodies had attended strictly to their own interests in wool, leather, grain and so forth, never venturing into outside matters except by abstract resolutions. But today they are all in the Chamber of Commerce, contributing money to the work and helping it forward with their service.

Pulling Together

THIS work is done very largely by committees of the Chamber of Commerce. There are thirty of these at the present writing, and more are being formed as needed. The Transportation Committee, for instance, will take up the freight grievance of any Boston manufacturer or merchant. It employs one of the best traffic experts who could be found, his salary being paid by the organization. The Committee on Arbitration deals with business disputes. If a manufacturer and merchant disagree on a contract, for example, each may select two members of this committee, and they, with the chairman of the committee, give a decision and save a suit in court. There is a Forestry Committee to safeguard the watersheds that give New England $30,000,000 worth of water-power annually. There are other committees on large interests, such as fire prevention, health and housing, harbor and abandoned farms; and also committees dealing with special interests, such as grain and flour, whose duty it is to inspect and supervise Boston's large traffic in those staples.

In the way these committees are chosen lies much of the reason for their efficiency.

When the Chamber of Commerce had been enlarged and reorganized, and above three thousand business men, as members, had agreed to support its work financially, an expert in organization was engaged as executive director. This expert has had considerable experience in setting business men at work in other cities, and much seems to depend upon his knowledge of the business temperament—its distrusts and weaknesses no less than its capacity and enthusiasm.

Business men are singularly blind in making up committees for public work, or other work outside

An Eskimo Romance

By J. FRANK DAVIS

Being the Story of Oo-que-ah, Who Was One of the Four Huskies to Reach the North Pole

IN ITTIBLOO, which is known to fame as an Eskimo town with an opera name, lived a maiden fair as the morning dew with a name that sounded like Evaloo. She was round and chunky and coy and fat—words fail, so we'll just let it go at that.

She was barely fourteen and the village belle, and the list of her charms would be hard to tell. But a score of her suitors declared her nice, as she served them blubber on chunks of ice at the afternoon teas, which were quite *au fait,* in her father's igloo on Baffin's Bay.

Old Woogli, her dad, had made his pile by running a corner in walrus ile. He owned two sledges, a lot of loot, forty dogs and a musket that wouldn't shoot. As he often said, with an oily grin, old John D. Midas had nothing on him.

When you figure the charms of the maiden shy, plus the scads that old Woogli had there laid by, it is easy to see why the Husky crew spent their Arctic evenings with Evaloo. But she never saw any of them alone, for old Woogli himself was her chaperone.

Well, into the village from far away, one summer forenoon about half-past May, strode a youth as fair as a winter moon, with a busted sledge and a bum harpoon. He had nice, round features and long, black locks, but 'twas plain to see he was on the rocks.

Tripping forth on the ice to a small igloo, to collect back rent, came Evaloo. As she rounded a turn with a rolling grace the girl and the Husky came face to face. For a moment he paused, while his tongue was tied. Then, "You're mine!" he exclaimed. "Sure thing," she sighed.

With her hand in his she retraced her way to where, in his igloo, old Woogli lay. "He's mine and I'm his'n," the lady cried. To which the old miser at once replied: "Not so fast. This is rather a serious biz. Will you kindly explain who this person is?"

"I am Oo-que-ah, son of Pen-ni-wok," said the lad, "and I'm walking from Annatok in search of a job, for I got the can and my father advised me: 'Go North, young man.' Then he fitted me out with some new fur togs, a shotgun, a sledge and a pair of dogs, some spears, a whip with a cracking lash, a hunting-knife and four cents in cash. And he said, as I left for the Northern pack, if I didn't make good I needn't come back. There's really but little for me to say in addition to this. I'm on my way."

Old Woogli's eyes got so bright at that you could almost see them behind the fat. But he cautiously asked: "Where are all your traps?" "Oh, I lost them," said Oo-que-ah, "shooting craps. I have nothing left I could give in pledge, save a bum harpoon and a busted sledge. But I've two strong arms and a girl adored——" Old Woogli rose up in his wrath and roared: "Well, of all the crust! Beat it, now! Take a walk! And you needn't stop this side of Annatok. If you ever show up here again, you dub, I'll beat in your slats with a walrus club."

It was four hours later we met the lad, and, believe me, he surely was feeling sad. Then I saw his physique and I cried: "Look here! You're the huskiest Husky I've seen this year. You can go with us where the Pole may be." He replied: "I don't care what becomes of me."

Well, you've read how we won our race with Fate—I wired it myself, at a fair space rate. And you've seen how Oo-que-ah, no longer gay, was among those present that April day. But the sequel has been to this day deferred because of the tolls—fifty cents a word.

Old Woogli sat by his door one day—a year had gone—it was half-past May—when he heard a shouting, and, looking forth, saw a strange procession come from the North. At its head was Oo-que-ah, whose lordly strut led the other Huskies to Woogli's hut.

He'd a sledge, and a boat, and a canvas tent, and some fourteen dogs, and a copper cent, and two rifles, a shotgun that glistened blue, and a dozen harpoons, and some powder, too, and some loading tools, and a bunch of spears, and enough dead walrus to last two years. They laid the stuff on the shining ice, where it certainly looked extremely nice. Then, as Woogli feasted his eyes in bliss, Oo-que-ah spoke briefly in words like this:

"I've come back, you see, for my dear Evaloo; and you'll note, you old lobster, I'm richer than you. We'll be married in just half an hour by the clock, and she starts out soon after for far Annatok. If you're good I may leave you a share of this pelf. If you kick I shall certainly keep it myself. And when I get time—which I'll certainly do—I'll hand a few financial wallops to you. And you'd better remember from henceforth you'll be just merely a piker in contrast to me."

Old Woogli considered, then lifted his head. "I always intended her for you," he said.

And Ittibloo now will be known to fame as the town where sweet Evaloo changed her name.

their own affairs, says this expert. The most popular men are appointed by acclamation, or the committee is stuffed with men who bear reputations for something they did twenty years ago, and who haven't done anything since. No business man would let such men run his own affairs; he is eternally on the lookout for young, obscure men of progressive ideas and fresh energy. But anybody is considered good enough to serve on a city committee, and nobody gives the committeemen much thought. They are chosen haphazard, and thrown together to work, hampered further by the fact that it is impossible to "hire or fire" in such an organization. Yet, most of the efficiency of business lies in that very power.

Boston's expert gets fifteen thousand dollars a year from the Chamber of Commerce to see that organization is carried out on practical lines.

First, a circular letter was sent to each of the three thousand members, stating what committees were to be appointed, and asking that one or more names be suggested for each. A definite plan for making these suggestions was given. To serve on a committee does not, as a rule, require a large expenditure of time. But certain qualifications are needed. Ten fundamental items were listed, as follows:

Energy. Sane enthusiasm. Good judgment. Public spirit. Knowledge of the subject. Will he work with others? Success in his own business. Any clear disqualification? General advisability of appointment. Nature of your own knowledge of the man.

Each member, in making suggestions by this plan, was given a little schedule whereby marking the qualifications was made easy. If this man for the committee on industrial training was an authority who had studied that specialty for years, then under the item of "Knowledge of the Subject" he would write "A," meaning 100 per cent, or best. Perhaps that man's public spirit would not rank as high as his knowledge, however, so it might be indicated as "B," meaning good, 75 per cent; or "C," medium, 50 per cent. When it came to some other qualification, however, it might be necessary to mark him "D" or "E," indicating poor or very poor, as a danger signal.

Thousands of suggestions came back with these analyses. Some members frankly suggested themselves for certain committees, and wisely, too. With a canvass like this, among men of sound business judgment, the name of every person available for a given work was pretty certain to come out. At the same time, those most suited to that work in the opinion of the greatest number were brought out in strong percentages.

Then, for each separate committee a board of judges was appointed. These were men familiar with the kind of work the committee would perform. Each judge was given a number to conceal his identity, and asked to mark each candidate by percentages according to what he deemed his especial fitness for that particular work. These judges' estimates were boiled down in turn and went before an executive committee, who sifted them and passed them along to the directors, who made the appointments.

This all sounds a little arithmetical and schoolmasterish, with its A-B-C and cent-per-cent. But, in practice, it was not so.

Percentages were useful in bringing the best men to the front and comparing one man with another. No committee is of much account unless it can work harmoniously. Suppose a learned specialist on hygiene were credited with 100-per-cent knowledge, energy and public spirit. But his ability to work with others is placed as low as twenty-five per cent by all who know him. He is a crank or a zealous obstructionist. On a committee of three that man would be fatal. But on a committee of ten it will be possible to hold him in line through others possessing less knowledge and more tact. That is precisely what was done in many cases. The cardinal points upon which committees were appointed were ability to work with others and good judgment. The unbalanced enthusiast upsets many a project by his narrowness. Yet even misdirected enthusiasm is good, because it represents energy, and the point is to hold it down to work with ballast.

Another element of danger in work of this kind, Boston's specialist has found, is the fear which many business men feel that their own commercial interests will be hurt by broad public reforms, as well as the tendency shown by them to go into such work only with the understanding that some immediate and direct benefit is to follow for themselves. But this is met by showing that anything that builds a better city helps all interests.

(Concluded on Page 23)

The Doll in the Pink Silk Dress

By LEONARD MERRICK

AUTHOR OF LYNCH'S DAUGHTER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

HOW can I write the fourth act with this ridiculous thing posed among my papers? What thing? It is a doll in a pink silk dress, an elaborate doll that walks and talks and warbles snatches from the operas. A terrible lot it cost! Why does an old dramatist keep a doll on his study table? I do not keep it there. It came in a box from the Boulevard an hour ago, and I took it from its wrappings to admire its accomplishments again, and ever since it has been reminding me that women are strange beings.

Yes, women are strange, and this toy sets me thinking of one woman in particular—that woman who supplicated for my help, and then when she had all my interest—confound the doll! Here is the incident, just as it happened.

It happened in '98 or '99, when all Paris flocked to see my plays and Paul de Varenne was a name to conjure with. Fashions change. Today I am a little out of the running, perhaps; younger men have shot forward. In those days I was supreme—I was Master of the Stage.

Listen! It was a spring morning, and I was lolling at my study window, scenting the lilac in the air. Lacaussade, my secretary, came in and said: "Mademoiselle Jeanne Boitelle asks if she can see you, monsieur."

"Who is Mademoiselle Jeanne Boitelle?" I inquired.

"She is an actress begging for an engagement, monsieur."

"I regret that I am exceedingly busy. Tell her to write."

"The lady has already written a thousand times," he mentioned, going. "'Jeanne Boitelle' has been one of the most constant contributors to our waste-paper basket."

"Then tell her I regret that I can do nothing for her. *Mon Dieu!* Is it imagined that I have no other occupation than to interview nonentities? By the way, how is it you have bothered me about her—why this unusual embassy? I suppose she is pretty?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And young?"

"Yes, monsieur."

I wavered. Let us say, my sympathy was stirred. But perhaps the lilac was responsible—lilac and a pretty girl seem to me a natural combination, like coffee and a cigarette. "Send her in!" I said.

I sat at the table and picked up a pen.

"Monsieur de Varenne ——" She paused nervously on the threshold.

Lacaussade was a fool—she was not "pretty"; she was either plain or beautiful. To my mind she had beauty, and if she hadn't been an actress come to pester me for a part I should have foreseen a very pleasant quarter of an hour. "I can spare you only a moment, mademoiselle," I said, ruffling blank paper.

"You Will Help Me Now, or You Will Never Help Me"

"It is most kind of you to spare me that."

I liked her voice, too. "Be seated," I said more graciously.

"Monsieur, I have come to implore you to do something for me. I am breaking my heart in the profession for want of a helping hand. Will you be generous and give me a chance?"

"My dear Mademoiselle—er—Boitelle," I said, "I sympathize with your difficulties and I thoroughly understand them, but I have no engagement to offer you—I am not a manager."

She smiled bitterly: "You are de Varenne—a word from you would 'make' me!"

I was wondering what her age was. About eight-and-twenty, I thought, but alternately she looked much younger and much older.

"You exaggerate my influence—like every other artist that I consent to see. Hundreds have sat in that chair and cried that I could 'make' them. It is all bosh. Be reasonable! I cannot 'make' anybody."

"You could cast me for a part in Paris. You are not a manager, but any manager will engage a woman that you recommend. Oh, I know that hundreds appeal to you—I know that I am only one of a crowd; but, monsieur, think what it means to me! Without help I shall go on knocking at the stage doors of Paris and never get inside; I shall go on writing to the Paris managers and never get an answer. Without help I shall go on eating my heart out in the provinces till I am old and tired and done for!"

Her earnestness touched me. I had heard the same tale so often that I was sick of hearing it, but this woman's earnestness touched me. If I had had a small part vacant I would have tried her in it.

Again I said, "As a dramatist I fully understand the difficulties of an actress' career; but you, as an actress, do not understand a dramatist's. There is no piece of mine going into rehearsal now; I have, therefore, no opening for you myself, and it is impossible for me to write to a manager or a brother author advising him to intrust a part, even the humblest, to a lady of whose capabilities I know nothing."

"I am not applying for a humble part," she answered quietly.

"*Hein?*"

"My line is lead."

I stared at her pale face, speechless; the audacity of the reply took my breath away.

"You are mad," I said, rising.

"I sound so to you, monsieur?"

"Stark, staring mad! You bewail that you are at the foot of the ladder, and at the same instant you stipulate that I shall lift you at a bound to the top. Either you are a lunatic or you are an amateur."

She, too, rose—resigned to her dismissal, it seemed. Then suddenly, with a gesture that was a veritable abandonment of despair, she laughed:

"That's it—I am an amateur!" she rejoined passionately. "I will tell you the kind of 'amateur' I am, Monsieur de Varenne! I was learning my business in a fit-up when I was six years old—yes, I was playing parts 'on the road' when happier children were playing games in nurseries. I was thrust on for lead when I was a gawk of fifteen, and had to master half-a-dozen rôles in a week, and was beaten if I failed to make my points. I have supered to stars, not to earn the few francs I got by it—for by that time the fit-ups paid me better—but that I

might observe and improve my method. I have waited in the rain for hours, at the doors of the milliners and modistes, that I might note how great ladies stepped from their carriages and spoke to their footmen; and when I snatched a lesson from their aristocratic tones I was in Heaven, though my feet ached and the rain soaked my wretched clothes. I have played good women and bad women, beggars and queens, ingénues and hags. I was born and bred on the stage, have suffered and starved on it—it is my life and my destiny." She sobbed. "An 'amateur'!"

I could not let her go like that. She interested me strongly; somehow, I believed in her. I strode to and fro, considering.

"Sit down again," I said. "I will do this for you: I will go to the country to see your performance. When is your next show?"

"I have nothing in view."

"*Peste!* Well, the next time you are playing, write to me!"

"You will have forgotten all about me," she urged feverishly, "or your interest will have faded, or Fate will prevent your coming."

"Why do you say so?"

"Something tells me. You will help me now, or you will never help me. My chance is today! Monsieur, I entreat you ——"

"Today I can promise nothing at all, because I have not seen you act."

"I could recite to you."

"Bah!"

"I could rehearse on trial."

"And if you made a mess of it? A nice fool I should look, after fighting to get you in!"

A servant interrupted us to tell me that my old friend, de Lavardens, was downstairs. And now I did a foolish thing. When I intimated to Mademoiselle Jeanne Boitelle that our interview must conclude she begged so hard to be allowed to speak to me again after my visitor went that I consented to her waiting. Why? I had already said all that I had to say, and infinitely more than I had contemplated. Perhaps she impressed me more powerfully than I realized, perhaps it was sheer sympathy; for she had an invincible instinct that if I sent her away at this juncture she would never hear from me any more. I had her shown into the next room and received General de Lavardens in the study.

Since his retirement from the army de Lavardens had lived in his château at St. Wandrille, in the neighborhood of Caudebec-en-Caux, and we had met infrequently of late. But we had been at college together, I had entered on my military service in the same regiment as he, we had once been comrades. I was glad to see him.

"How are you, my dear fellow? I didn't know you were in Paris."

"I have been here twenty-four hours," he said. "I have looked you up at the first opportunity. Now, am I a nuisance? Be frank! I told the servant that if you were at work you weren't to be disturbed. Don't humbug about it; if I am in the way, say so!"

"You are not in the way a bit," I declared. "Put your hat and cane down. What's the news? How is George?" George was Captain de Lavardens, his son, a young officer for whom people predicted a brilliant future.

"George is all right," he said hesitatingly. "He is dining with me tonight; I want you to come, too, if you can. Are you free?"

"Tonight? Yes, certainly; I shall be delighted."

"That was one of the reasons I came round, to ask you to join us." He glanced toward the table again. "Are you sure you are not in a hurry to get back to that?"

"Have a cigar, and don't be a fool. What have you got to say for yourself? Why are you on the spree here?"

"I came up to see George," he said, puffing moodily. "As a matter of fact, my dear chap, I am devilish worried."

"Not about George?" I asked, surprised.

He grunted. "About George."

"Really? I'm very sorry."

"Yes. I wanted to talk to you about it—you may be able to give me a tip. George"—his gruff voice quivered—"is infatuated with an actress."

"George?"

"What do you say to that?"

"Are you certain it is true?"

She Was Not "Pretty"; She Was Either Plain or Beautiful

"True? He makes no secret of it. That isn't all. The idiot wants to marry her!"

"George wants to marry an actress?"

"*Voilà!*"

"My dear old friend!" I stammered.

"Isn't it amazing? One thinks one knows the character of one's own son, eh? And then, suddenly, a boy—damn it, a man!—George will soon be thirty—a man one is proud of, who is distinguishing himself in his profession—he loses his head about some creature in the theater and proposes to mar his whole career."

"As for that, it might not mar it," I said.

"We are not in England; in France gentlemen do not choose their wives from the stage. I can speak freely to you; you move among these people because your writing has taken you among them, but you are not of their breed."

"Have you reasoned with him?"

"Reasoned? Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Prepare to be amused. He said that, 'unfortunately, the lady did not love him'!"

"What? Then there is no danger?"

"Do you mean to say that it takes you in? You may be sure her 'reluctance' is policy; she thinks it wise to disguise her eagerness to hook him. He told me plainly that he would not rest till he had won her. It is a nice position! The honor of the family is safe only till this adventuress consents, *consents* to accept his hand! What can I do? It cannot be said that he is a child or that he is insane; I cannot employ force!"

"Who is she?"

"A nobody. He tells me she is quite obscure; I don't suppose you have ever heard of her. But I thought you might make inquiries for me, that you might ascertain whether she is the sort of woman we could settle with."

"I will do all I can, you may depend. Where is she—in Paris?"

"Yes, just now."

"What's her name?"

"Jeanne Boitelle."

My mouth fell open. "What?"

"Do you know her?"

"She is there!"

"What?"

"In the next room! She just called on business."

"*Morbleu!* That's queer!"

"It's lucky. It was the first time I had ever met her."

"What's she like?"

"Have you never seen her? You shall do so in a minute. She came to beg me to advance her professionally; she wants my help. This ought to save you some money, my friend. We'll have her in! I shall tell her who you are."

"How shall I talk to her?"

"Leave it to me!"

I crossed the landing and opened the salon door. The room was littered with the illustrated journals, but she was not diverting herself with any of them; she was sitting before a copy of the Mona Lisa, striving to reproduce on her own face the enigma of the smile. I had discovered an actress who never missed an opportunity.

"Please come here."

She followed me back, and my friend stood scowling at her.

"This gentleman is General de Lavardens," I said.

She bowed very slightly, very perfectly. That bow acknowledged de Lavardens' presence and rebuked the manner of my introduction with all the dignity of the patricians whom she had studied in the rain.

"Mademoiselle, when my servant announced that the General was downstairs you heard the name. You did not tell me that you knew his son."

"*Mais non*, monsieur," she murmured.

"And when you implored me to assist you, you did not tell me that you aspired to a marriage that would compel you to leave the stage. I never waste my influence. Good-morning!"

"I do not aspire to the marriage," she faltered, pale as death.

"Rubbish! I know all about it. Of course it is your aim to marry him sooner or later, and of course he will make it a condition that you cease to act. Well, I have no time to help a woman who is playing the fool! That's all about it. I needn't detain you."

"I have refused to marry him," she gasped. "On my honor! You can ask him. It is a fact."

"But you see him still," put in de Lavardens wrathfully. "He is with you every day! That is a fact, too, isn't it? If your refusal is sincere why are you not consistent? Why do you want him at your side?"

"Because, monsieur," she answered, "I am weak enough to miss him when he goes."

"Ah, you admit it—you profess to be in love with him?"

"No, monsieur," she dissented thoughtfully, "I am not in love with him, and my refusal has been quite sincere—incredible as it may seem that a woman like myself rejects a man like him. I could never make a marriage that would mean death to my ambition; I could not sacrifice my art—the stage is too dear to me for that. So it is evident that I am not in love with him, for, when a woman loves, the man is dearer to her than all else."

De Lavardens grunted. I knew his grunts—there was some apology in this one.

"The position is not fair to my son," he demurred. "You show good sense in what you say—you are an artist, you are quite right to devote yourself to your career; but you reject and encourage him at the same time. If he married you it would be disastrous—to you and to him; you would ruin his life and spoil your own. *Enfin*, give him a chance to forget you! Send him away. What do you want to keep seeing him for?"

She sighed. "It is wrong of me, I own!"

"It is highly unnatural," said I.

"No, monsieur, it is far from being unnatural, and I will tell you why—he is the only man I have ever known in all my vagabond life who realized that a struggling actress might have the soul of a gentlewoman! Before I met him I had never heard a man speak to me with courtesy, excepting on the stage—I had never known a man take my hand respectfully when he was not performing behind the footlights. I met him first in the country; I was playing the Queen in Ruy Blas, and the manager brought him to me in the wings. In everything he said and did he was different from others. We were friends for months before he told me that he loved me. His friendship has been the gift of God to brighten my miserable lot. Never to see him any more would be awful to me!"

I perceived that if she was not in love with him she was so dangerously near to it that a trifle might turn the scale. De Lavardens had the same thought; his glance at me was apprehensive.

"However, you acknowledge that you are behaving badly!" I exclaimed. "It is all right for *you*—friendship is enough for you, and you pursue your career; but for *him* it is different—he seeks your love and he neglects his duties. For him to spend his life sighing for you would be monstrous, and for him to marry you would be fatal. If you like him so much be just to him—set him free! Tell him that he is not to visit you any more."

"He does not visit me; he has never been inside my lodging."

"Well, that he is not to write there—that there are to be no more dinners, drives, bouquets!"

"And I do not let him squander money on me; I am not that kind of woman."

"We do not accuse you, mademoiselle. On the contrary, we appeal to your good heart. Be considerate, be brave! Say 'good-by' to him!"

"You are asking me to suffer cruelly," she moaned.

"It is for his benefit. Also, the more you suffer the better you will act; every actress should suffer."

"Monsieur, I have served my apprenticeship to pain."

"There are other things than friendship; you have your prospects to think about."

"What prospects?" she flashed back.

"Well, I cannot speak definitely today, as you know. But you would not find me unappreciative."

De Lavardens grunted again—emotionally, this time. I checked him with a frown.

"What use would it be for me to refuse to see him?" she objected chokily. "When I am playing anywhere *he* can always see *me*. I cannot kill his love by denying myself his companionship. Besides, he would not accept the dismissal. One night, when I left the theater, I should find him waiting there again."

This was unpalatably true.

"If a clever woman desires to dismiss a man she can dismiss him thoroughly, especially a clever actress," I said. "You could talk to him in such a fashion that he would have no wish to meet you again. Such things have been done."

"What? You want me to teach him to despise me?"

"Much better if he did!"

"To turn his esteem to scorn?"

"It would be a generous action."

"To falsify and degrade myself?"

"For your hero's good!"

"I will not do it," she flamed. "You demand too much! What have *you* done for *me* that I should sacrifice myself to please you? I entreat your help—and you give me empty phrases; I cry that I despair this morning—and you answer that by and by, some time in the vague future, you will remember that I exist. I shall not do this for you—I keep my friend!"

"Your rhetoric has no weight with me," I said. "I do not pretend that I have a claim on you. In such circumstances a noble woman would take the course I suggest, not for my sake, not for the sake of General de Lavardens, but for the sake of the man himself. You will keep your friend? *Bien!* But you will do so because you are indifferent to his welfare and too selfish to release him."

She covered her face. There were tears on it. The General and I exchanged glances again.

I went on: "You charge me with giving you only empty phrases. That is undeserved. I said all that was possible, and I meant what I said. I could not pledge myself to put you into anything without knowing what you are capable of doing, but if you retain my good will I repeat that I will attend your next performance."

"And then?" she queried.

"Then—if I think well of it—you shall have a good part."

"Lead?"

"Oh, *peste!* I cannot say that. A good part, in Paris!"

"It is a promise?"

"Emphatically—if I think well of your performance."

"Of my next—the very next part I play?"

"Of the very next part you play."

She paused, reflecting. The pause lasted so long that it began to seem to my suspense as if none of us would ever speak again. I took a cigarette and offered the box, in silence, to de Lavardens. He shook his head without turning it to me, his gaze riveted on the woman.

"All right," she groaned, "I agree."

"Ah, good girl!"

"All you require is that Captain de Lavardens shall no longer seek me for his wife? Is that it?"

"That's it."

"Very well. I know what would repel him—it shall be done tonight. But you gentlemen will have to make the opportunity for me. You will have to bring him to my place—both of you. You can find some reason for proposing it? Tonight, at nine o'clock. He knows the address." She moved weakly to the door.

De Lavardens took three strides and grasped her hands. "Mademoiselle," he stuttered, "I have no words to speak my gratitude. I am a father and I love my son, but —*Mon Dieu!*—if—if things had been different, upon my soul, I should have been proud to call you my daughter-in-law!"

Oh, how she could bow, that woman! The eloquence of her ill-fed form!

"*Au revoir*, gentlemen," she said.

Phew! We dropped into chairs. "Paul," he grunted at me, "we have been a pair of brutes!"

"I know it. But you feel much relieved?"

"I feel another man! What is she going to say to him? I wish it were over. I should find it devilish difficult to propose going to see her, you know! It will have to be *your* suggestion. And supposing he won't take us?"

"He will take us right enough," I declared, "and rejoice at the chance! *Hourra, hourra, hourra!*" I sprang up and clapped him on the back. "My friend, if that woman had thrown herself away on George it might have been a national calamity!"

"What?" he roared, purpling.

"Oh, no slight to George! I think—I think—I am afraid to say what I think—I am afraid to think it!" I paced the room, struggling to control myself. "Only once in a blue moon, Jules, there is a woman born of the People with a gift that is a blessing and a curse, and her genius makes an epoch, and her name makes theatrical history. And if a lover of the stage like me discovers such a woman, you damned old soldier, and blazes her genius in his work, he feels like Cheops, Chephrenus and Asychis rearing the pyramids for immortality!"

My excitement startled him. "You believe she is a genius? Really?"

"I dare not believe," I panted; "I refuse to let myself believe, for I have never seen blue moons. But—but—I wonder!"

We dined at Voisin's. It had been arranged that he should make some allusion to the courtship, and I said to George: "I hope you don't mind your father having mentioned the subject to me? We are old friends, you know." The topic was led up to very easily. It was apparent that George thought the world of her. I admired the way he spoke; it was quiet and earnest. As I feigned partial sympathy with his matrimonial hopes, I own that I felt a Judas.

"I, too, am an artist," I remarked; "to me social distinctions naturally seem somewhat less important than they do to your father."

"Indeed, monsieur," he said gravely, "Mademoiselle Boitelle is worthy of homage. If she were willing to accept me every man who knew her character would think me fortunate. Her education has not qualified her to discuss with professors, and she has no knowledge of society smalltalk, but she is intelligent and refined and good."

It was child's play. A sudden notion over the liqueurs: "Take us to see her! Come along, Jules!" Astonishment (amateurish), persuasion (masterly); George's diffidence to intrude, but his obvious delight at the thought of the favorable impression she would create. He had "never called there yet—it would be very unconventional at such an hour?" Bah, among artists! "My card will be a passport, I assure you!" Poor fellow, the trap made short work of him. At half-past eight we were all rattling to the left bank in a cab.

The cab stopped before a dilapidated house in an unsavory street. I knew that the aspect of her home went to George's heart. "Mademoiselle Boitelle has won no prize in her profession," he observed, "and she is an honest girl." Well said! In the dim passage a neglected child directed us to the fourth floor. On the fourth floor a slattern, who replied at last to our persistent tapping, told us shortly that mademoiselle was out. I realized that we had committed the error of being before our time, and the woman, evidently unprepared for our visit, did not suggest our going in. It seemed bad stage management.

"Will it be long before mademoiselle is back?" I inquired, annoyed.

"*Mais non.*"

"We will wait," I said, and we were admitted sulkily to a room of which conspicuous features were a malodorous lamp and a brandy bottle. I had taken the old hag for a landlady rather the worse for liquor, but, more amiably, she remarked now: "It's a pity Jeanne didn't know you were coming."

At the familiar "Jeanne" I saw George start.

"Mademoiselle is a friend of yours?" I asked, dismayed.

"A friend? She is my daughter." She sat down.

By design the girl was out! The thought flashed on me: I understood that she had plotted for her lover to learn what a mother-in-law he would have. The revelation must appall him! I stole a look—his face was blanched. The General drew a deep breath and nodded to himself. The nod said plainly: "He is saved. Thank God!"

"Will you take a little drop while you are waiting, gentlemen?"

"Nothing for us, thank you."

She drank alone, and seemed to forget that we were present. None of us spoke. I began to wonder if we need remain. Then, drinking, she grew garrulous. It was of Jeanne she talked. She gave us her maternal views and incidentally betrayed infamies of her own career. I am a man of the world, but I shuddered at that woman. The suitor who could have risked making her child his wife would have been demented or sublime. And while she maundered on, gulping from her glass and chuckling at her jests, the ghastliness of it was that in the gutter face before us I could trace a likeness to Jeanne. I think George must have traced it, too. The menace of heredity was horrible. We were listening to Jeanne wrecked, Jeanne thirty years older—Jeanne as she might become.

Ciel! To choose a bride with this blood in her—a bride from the dregs!

"Let us go, George," I murmured. "Courage! You will forget her. We'll be off!" He was livid—I saw that he could bear no more.

But the creature overheard, and in those bleary eyes intelligence awoke. "What? Hold on!" she stammered. "Is one of you the dude that wants to marry her? Oh! . . . I've been letting on finely, haven't I? It was a 'plant,' was it? You've come here ferreting and spying?" She turned toward me in a fury. "You!"

Certainly I had made a comment from time to time, but I could not see why she should single me out for her attack. She lurched toward me savagely, her face was thrust into mine. And then, so low that only I could hear, and like another woman, she breathed a question:

"Can I act?"

Jeanne herself! Every nerve in me jumped. The next instant she was back in her part, railing at George.

I took a card from my case and scribbled six words.

"When your daughter comes in give her that!" I said. I had scribbled: "I write you a star rôle!"

She gathered the message at a glance, and I swear that the moroseness of her gaze was not lightened by so much as a gleam; she was representing a character—the actress sustained the character even while she read words that were to raise her from privation to renown.

"Not that I care if I *have* queered her chance," she snarled. "A good job, too—the selfish cat! I've got nothing to thank her for. Serve her right if you do give her the go-by, my jackanapes—I don't blame you!"

"Madame Boitelle," George answered sternly, and his answer vibrated through the room, "I have never admired, pitied or loved Jeanne so much as now that I know she has been—motherless."

All three of us stood stone-still. The first to move was she. I saw what was going to happen. She burst out crying.

"It's I—Jeanne! I love you! I thought I loved the theater best, but I was wrong." Instinctively she let my card fall to the ground. "Forgive me—I did it for your sake, too. It was cruel—I am ashamed. Oh, my own, if my love will not disgrace you, take me for your wife! In all the world there is no woman who will love you better—in all my heart there is no room for anything but you!"

They were in each other's arms. De Lavardens, whom the proclamation of identity had electrified, dragged me outside. The big fool was blubbering with sentiment.

"This is frightful," he grunted.

"Atrocious," said I.

"But she is a woman in a million."

"She is a great actress," I said reverently.

"I could never approve the marriage," he faltered. "What do you think?"

"Out of the question! I have no sympathy with either of them."

"You humbug! Why, there is a tear running down your nose!"

"There are two running down yours," I snapped. "A General should know better."

And why has the doll in the pink silk dress recalled this to me? Well, you see, tomorrow will be New Year's Day, and the doll is a gift for my godchild, and the name of my godchild's mother is Jeanne de Lavardens. Oh, I have nothing to say against her as a mother—the children idolize her. I admit that she has conquered the General, and that George is the proudest husband in France. But when I think of the parts I could have written for her, of the luster the stage has lost—when I reflect that, just to be divinely happy, the woman deliberately declined a worldwide fame—— Zounds! I can never forgive her for it, never—the darling!

"Is One of You the Dude That Wants to Marry Her?"

Leadville, an Epic of the West

GUN-LAW—By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ALLEN TRUE

WE WERE driving across the washed-green mesa between Leadville and Twin Lakes, three old mining men and I, who had been a child in the days when the camp was glorious. The June grass, already high in the mountain meadows, was turning white; for, though the sun shone above, it was storming on the lacy peaks to the west, while the wind blew the snow down in irregular flurries. We rolled into view of a mountain-home ranch—log barns and dairy-houses surrounding a frame house. This last was an eccentric building, grown large by rambling additions. It was crowned with a lookout tower of many windows, as though some one had transported a little New England light-house to the top of the divide.

"Old man Derry's tower!" we exclaimed together.

"That was where he used to watch for trespassers and shoot at 'em," said the oldest mining man of them all. "I did some placer prospecting up here in '80, and I was careless enough to cross his line fence. I heard him holler and I dropped into a ditch just in time."

"He calmed down a heap," said another in our party, "after the trial. Shot a man over a placer quarrel, and it cost him a lot of his property to get off. Let's see, Bill, was it self-defense or insanity? I don't quite remember. Anyhow—— Say, would you look at that cheerful little cuss?" For a meadow lark sat on a fencepost, his face toward the sun, singing his bubbling, mellow wedding song and taking snowflakes into his open mouth as he sang. The conversation drifted to the ways of larks and of camp birds.

A contrast sprang into my mind. Two years before, a transplanted cockney driver had driven me over peaceful, well-ordered British Bermuda. The driver pulled up short and pointed to a cedar-covered ledge jutting into the turquoise ocean. His voice grew awesome.

"That, sir," he said, "is Gallows Point, sir, the place they 'anged the man. And they do say, sir, that 'e 'aunts the 'ouse where 'e done it!"

"When was that?" I asked.

"Eighteen years ago. Dear, dear, it was dreadful, sir. We was talkin' about it last night—I got a friend who seen 'im after they took 'im, an' 'e looked like death already!" He fell into a shocked silence.

He Rode His Man Down and Slashed Him on the Neck

Eighteen years, and they were still talking about it! In Leadville of '80 we forgot the last murder before the next newspaper. We were educated to violence in those days when that upper corner of the world was new; we slept with sudden death. Murder of passion, of self-interest, murder usually unavenged by law, was about us always. That was the dark side to those brave, vivid, lively times when the adventurers and heroes of the West were performing their mighty enterprises; the debit to their account with civilization. The records of the time are so unsystematic that no one will ever know how many murders we had. This, however, does for an indication: In six months of the year 1880 the coroner's jury of Leadville sat on fifty-two cases of violent death, most of them murders. And these did not include the killings at Adelaide, Alma, and other suburban camps with coroner's juries of their own, nor yet some mysterious and suspicious disappearances.

For Leadville was the last gasp of that phase of the West which began with the Bret Harte days in California. In the generation between '49 and '79 the sediment of the Western country had settled; while the stable citizens had been working toward permanent civilization, the gamblers, the bad men, the bravos, all those who lived by gun-law, had been growing steadily more reckless. The first rush across the peaks brought this gentry. From the cattle country of Texas and Nebraska came such half-outlawed cowboys as had escaped the rope of frontier justice; from such springing Western cities as Denver, Cheyenne and Deadwood, came professional gamblers, men with no standing before the formal law, but with a gun-law of their own; from all the dives of the world came city criminals, daring in the new environment to unloose those impulses which the fear of an organized police force had restrained in them. Another and higher class, the adventurers of the West, gamblers with life, held to a set of ethics only a little less at variance with the principles of formal law. For certain offenses their penalty was death, the wronged man to be judge and executioner. Finally, the peaceable citizen from the East felt the necessity of arming himself in this region where every one went armed, and the opinion of gun-law which his community held became insensibly his opinion. Courts were overcrowded and lax; juries, reflecting here, as always, the spirit of the community, were reluctant to convict. Except in cases of murder for robbery, the fact that the dead man had a gun on him was nearly enough to justify the murderer. Not until 1881 was any one condemned to death in Leadville; and the two men hanged in that year died for crimes of the most savage brutality.

Whisky, bad mining-camp whisky, was the first cause for three-quarters of these sudden deaths; there is no temperance lecture so effective as the early files of the Leadville Chronicle. This typical case will stand for half of them. Two miners would enter the city, their pay in their pockets, for their regular Saturday-night debauch. Somewhere about midnight, when the liquor had them, one would pass that epithet which, applied without the Owen Wister smile, meant shooting in the old West. One would beat the other to his gun. The murderer would wake in jail next morning, dimly aware of what he had done, willing to give his own life could he but re-create yesterday. When the case came to trial—well, the other fellow had a gun on him, and, anyway, the murderer "was drunk and didn't know what he was doing." So, after certain disagreeable and expensive legal formalities, the slayer would go free or receive at most a short penitentiary sentence.

A few of the murders stand out for exceptional brutality or exceptional circumstance. The first man who died by the pistol after Leadville took its new name was City Marshal O'Conner. He was a gun-man, of course. No one without a reputation for a sensitive trigger finger could have inspired respect for law in that community. He gathered under him, as policemen and deputies, other men of his own courage and skill, and among them an ex-cowboy. The cowboy began to drink. "Next time I find you in a saloon, you lose your job," said the marshal. The cowboy filed his trigger until a breath would have set it off, and got drunk again. O'Conner found him at the bar of a dance hall, and stepped up to take away his star. The cowboy fired. O'Conner died, gasping: "Boys, I didn't deserve this!" The cowboy trained his gun on the crowd, backed out to the door, mounted a horse and rode away. On Tennessee Pass a freighter met him. He was still red-eyed with drink, still flourishing his revolver.

"They're looking for me there!" he yelled. "Tell 'em where to find me!" Leadville never saw him again.

Any man who took a job on the Leadville police force added his life to his stake. Three more police officers died with their boots on; in two other cases a man under arrest was killed in the hands of the officers by bullets meant indiscriminately for law-keepers or law-breakers. A miner was working a lease for a clerk in a store. He had trouble in collecting his money. He brooded on his wrongs, got drunk, and started to collect with a gun. While he was holding up the store a clerk stole out and brought a policeman. As the policeman entered the miner shot him and fled. Sergeant Lot Stewart, a veteran of the Civil War and a man of character and courage, heard the pursuit approaching. He ran out of the police station and started to tackle the miner. The murderer stopped and shot him three times. The policeman died at once, and Stewart within the week. So popular were these two policemen, so flagrant the murder, that the miner came near to being the first man legally hanged in Leadville. Indeed, the jury intended to hang him; but a flaw in the form of their verdict let him off with life imprisonment. In their opinion on this crime, the old-time miners reflect the attitude of '79. "The miner only tried to collect what was coming to him," they say; "and besides, he was drunk."

Leadville proper never had any of those promiscuous "six-shooter war dances" which broke out now and then in the frontier settlements, but 1879 saw a great deal of joyous firing in the air on Saturday nights. This was nothing more than a free and merry expression of young, drunken spirits. However, one Sunday morning the porter of the Pioneer saloon cleaned out the free sleepers on the floor as usual. One did not arise. "Pneumonia," thought the porter as he turned over the dead man. But the porter found a neat bullet-hole from which the lodger had bled to death internally. There had been shooting outside the night before; doubtless, a stray bullet had come through the open door and picked off its man unnoticed. Kokomo and Alma, neighboring and tributary towns, witnessed nights of general terror. Once a gang, appearing from nowhere if not from the neck of a whisky bottle, tore through Kokomo, shooting out the lights, firing volleys at the windows. The quiet citizens ran away. One ran too late; a rioter, never identified, stabbed him in passing. Just such a wild night occurred at Alma, and one of the bullets killed a miner in his bunk.

As a little example of the untrammeled passions loosed by the times, by whisky, and by general contempt of law, take this police item: Among the guards at the Iron mine was one O'Brien, and O'Brien did not like Hogan. Being drunk, O'Brien fired three shots through Hogan's empty bunk by way of showing how he felt. Hogan, appearing unarmed, butted O'Brien in the face. O'Brien shot wild and killed Cunningham. Norton drew and exchanged shots with O'Brien. Both missed. They clinched and struggled for an opening to shoot. Norton got his gun loose, put it to O'Brien's head and pulled the trigger. But Kelley grabbed Norton's gun just in time and received the hammer in his hand. And next morning O'Brien was in jail—one of those who prayed in vain for a recrudescence of a sober yesterday.

As the boom grew, as claims increased in value, both actual and speculative, the gun-habit established itself at the very root of industry. Criminals and adventurers were jumping mines as they were jumping lots, and to much better advantage. The mining laws of the West are still inconsistent and unsatisfactory. At that time the mining law of Colorado was nearly chaotic. By the application of certain vein and apex theories, one could claim almost anything. Here possession meant everything. The courts, called suddenly to administer for a new city grown to forty thousand in a year, were choked to death. And while the rightful owner awaited the slow motion of courts, the temporary holder might extract a fortune. Remember that the Leadville carbonates lay close to the surface and that they ran like sand under the

pick. The manager of the Robert E. Lee mine once bet that he could take out one hundred thousand dollars in one day. The shifts had worked eighteen hours when the machinery broke down; but the clean-up for that time showed one hundred and eighteen thousand dollars.

It became necessary, therefore, for a man to protect his own without thought of courts; and thus there arose the new profession of mine guard. Any man with a reputation for nerve and quick, straight shooting might earn his three to five dollars a day, with a chance to "high grade" a little on the side, just for sitting on a dump with his revolver handy. The great mines became feudal baronies; the owners trailed a following of violent men who did their lord's bidding not only in the matter of mines but also in his small private affairs. There were sudden seizures of isolated claims, sudden killings of men who had tried to recover such "jumped" properties; and to these killings the law seemed blind. Probably a score of men died in this fashion when the camp was new. The old miners have a superstitious belief about this custom. Whosoever of the mining barons procured a man to be killed in seizure of a claim never permanently prospered; he always "went broke" in the end. "Procured," I say; but that needs explanation. The owner did not tell his man to kill any one; he only told him to hold that claim, knowing well that the guard would shoot in what he deemed necessity, and might shoot to kill.

The sporadic squabbles over mines grew into pitched battles. On the night of February 26, 1880, a miner, in trying to retrieve his luck, started a very exciting evening in camp. He had staked a claim, had sunk for some distance, and had abandoned it, at least temporarily. Others picked up the location and struck it rich. The miner performed the formality of entering suit for possession and the actuality of arming his partners and seizing the shaft. The new owners employed a company of gunmen and attacked by night. Expertness in fighting hand-to-hand does not imply expertness under actual battle conditions. The two bodies made the mistake characteristic of raw recruits. Though they sowed the hills with bullets they shot too high, and only one man was hit. But at dawn the besiegers trained a steady fire from their Winchesters against the top of the miner's barricade, so that the besieged gave it up and pitched their guns over the dump in token of surrender. The battle over another mine was highly spectacular; I remember sitting by a window downtown and watching the flashes of volley-firing trace patterns through the pine forests above. It had been seized by legal process. The ejected foreman gathered his army and crawled up to the dump by night. Suddenly a squad of men rose out of the darkness, Winchesters at shoulder. The foreman's men fairly rolled down the hill. Rallying, they formed behind trees and rocks and fired steadily at word of command. Here, too, the gun-experts shot like recruits. A correspondent for an Eastern newspaper, who was taking notes from the rear, died by a stray bullet. Again, a mine besieged was a mine taken. When day broke, firing ceased from the barricade. The foreman's army charged and captured an empty fort—it had grown too hot for the besieged.

This general tendency toward organized violence came to a head in the big strike of 1880. This event holds an interest beyond mere picturesqueness. From the hatreds which it engendered grew the Western Federation of Miners. From the methods by which it was stirred up and put down grew the violence on one side and the injustices on the other which have marked the thirty-year struggle between mine workers and mine owners in the Rockies.

The camp never knew at the time the reason for this strike, but the inside story is now common property in Leadville. As I have explained in a previous chapter, two big mining companies had been heavily overcapitalized. The sum paid for their stocks was much greater than the value of their ore bodies. They paid heavy dividends for a time, and stopped short. Now, not only were New York and Boston fooled by the showings, but so also were certain men actually employed by one of the two mines. These men learned, far ahead of New York and Boston, that the bottom had fallen out. They wanted time to unload stock; and the public might learn the truth any day. In the shafthouse of their mine these stockholders planned a general strike of the miners. How they brought it about no one knows exactly; probably they employed secret agents. At any rate, the miners murmured for four dollars a day; and there rose an agitator guiltless of complicity with the shareholders. It took less than a week to start a loosely-organized strike which jumped like a fire from mine to mine. The strikers would raid a shafthouse and annex the incoming or outgoing shifts by force. The companies raked Leadville for gun-men and enlisted them as guards, but within a fortnight all the mines had shut down. Three thousand idle men ranged Leadville, the disorderly among them drinking and flourishing pistols. When sufficiently primed, the men of this disorderly element would proceed to the mines and shoot out of the darkness at the shafthouses. These disorders grew into a roughly-concerted attack on the mines. The affair was noisy, but only mildly dangerous; the boys were peppering the shafthouse simply to express their feelings.

Next morning Major A. V. Bohn, who won his oak leaves in the Civil War, said: "Boys, something has got to be done." He approached the mayor, but he remained neutral. Bohn thereupon composed a law-and-order proclamation, which three hundred business men and mine owners signed. From the signers, from others who joined later, Bohn formed a "short" regiment of six companies. Clergymen, gamblers, actors and mine superintendents—all these professions were represented among the officers. He found "long guns" for only two companies. "But the rest will need something in their hands," he said, and he commandeered all the axehelves and pick-handles from Boettcher's hardware store. A hundred long guns for the arming of mine guards were on their way by the railroad, whose terminus was then only ten miles away. "And now," said the Major, "we will have a parade and make a demonstration." Every striker came to town. The gun-men of their faction ranged themselves along the eaves of friendly saloons, ready to fight at the drop of a hat. Down Harrison Avenue came the procession, Major Bohn riding before. He had neglected to set outflankers; hardly were the companies formed and moving before the miners, pressing forward from the crowded sidewalk, opened gaps in the pick-handle brigade. As the Major, heading a broken regiment, approached the Clarendon Hotel, some one standing near the strike leader shot at him. The bullet came so close that it burned his ear. Major Bohn was wearing a light, fancy Templar sword. He drew this, rode his man down, and slashed him on the neck. The light sword broke into a dozen pieces. And a police captain who stood by, and who sympathized with the strikers, caught the Major by the head, pulled him from his horse and arrested him for disturbing the peace. It was in the program of the day that the first shot should start general shooting; why both sides held their hands after the strikers shot at the Major is one of the inexplicable freaks of mob psychology. The disorganized parade was shoving and struggling with the jeering miners when the guards from the hills, a hundred strong, arrived and cleared the street. The squad with the hundred rifles from Denver came up to reinforce them. Next day, a regiment of militia, sent by the Governor of Colorado, arrived to hold the city under martial law.

The mine owners, now in possession of the field, broke this strike by the method grown so unpopular in the West. In a bull-pen, forerunner of the pens at Coeur d'Alene and Cripple Creek, they impounded such agitators as they could lay hands on. The prisoners went before the justice of the peace in batches.

"Thirty days, with the choice of leaving camp," said the justice. Being privately warned, they all left. So this great strike was broken.

Tore Through Kokomo Shooting Out the Lights, Firing Volleys at the Windows

"Kin I Rest Myself a Minit? I'm Mighty Tired"

THE RIVAL SHYSTERS

And How They Learned Some Brand-New Tricks

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

WITH his chair tilted back against the wall, Solomon Wigley, colored, warmed his accustomed seat in front of Jim Grey's barber shop. At a previous period of his evolution some one had struck him across the nose, which tilted it skyward and gave him an inquisitive air, as if he were perpetually looking for something else to turn up. This came pretty near the fact, for Solomon was a striker.

He was not an ordinary striker that clamored for higher wages and raised sand in the labor unions. Solomon hated a vulgar row and abominated noises; notoriety interfered with his business, he being a gentleman striker, attached to the noble profession of the law.

Ostensibly, he swept the office and ran errands for Honorable J. Curtius Mandel, attorney-at-law. Incidentally, he steered criminal cases and damage suits in the direction of his boss. Black as he was, and innocent withal, old Sol had educated himself in useful technicalities. He knew a negligence case as far as he could see it, understood the gentle art of coaching a witness, and could smell a contingent fee from Dan to Beersheba.

Solomon's peculiar value, however, lay in his grapevine telegraph, which brought him everything that went on among the negroes; and he had a happy faculty for being Johnny-on-the-spot whenever an accident occurred. At the psychological moment Solomon appeared, and rendered first aid to the injured by leading them to competent legal advice.

Solomon dozed like a weasel and kept one eye upon this contentious world. Every negro in town patronized Jim's barber shop as a loafing-place; made it their clearing-house for "nigger news" and local gossip. Beer sold for a dime a can, and Solomon waxed popular by having the dime.

Times were hard. Street-car men had been disgustingly careful, railroads had managed their business so cautiously that for a month no ray of sunshine had filtered into Solomon's life. He was low in purse and blue in spirit.

A simple-looking old negro came wearily up the street, peered through his brass-rimmed specs at the vacant chair, and hesitated. Solomon's sleepy eye took him in—hickory shirt, brogan shoes, cotton on his clothes, and apologetic manner. He saw it all and sniffed: "Country nigger." Country niggers never brought business, and Solomon closed his eyes again.

"Mister, Mister," the old man spoke appealingly, "kin I rest myself a minit? I'm mighty tired." Solomon kicked the chair toward him and said nothing.

The old negro watched the other sharply out of his brass-rimmed specs.

"Mister," he began, "I'm in a heap o' trouble. My son got hurt on de railroad."

Sol's chair banged down. "What dat you say?"

"My boy, de onliest boy I got—railroad cut off bofe his legs ——"

"When?"

"Nigh on to three weeks ago."

"Where?"

"Up here to Jones' Switch. Claim agent wanted me to sign a lot o' papers, but I wouldn't sign nuthin'."

Solomon cast his eye up and down the street. Too many people were passing. It was no place to talk business.

"Dat sho is bad, sho is bad; come in here, ole man; le's git a can o' beer; you looks wore out. I had a boy kilt by de railroad, an' you know how dat is—makes me feel kind todes anybody what's in trouble."

Unselfish Solomon led the brass-rimmed specs to a table far in the rear of Sandy's eating-house.

"Here, boy, take dis dime an' fetch us a can of beer. Bring a bite to eat wid it, too, 'cause I'm hongry. Now, den, old genterman, you wuz speakin' 'bout yo' boy."

"He fell under de cars and got bofe legs cut off ——"

"Was he a passenger—done paid his fare?" Solomon appreciated the importance of this fact.

"Sho did. I paid fer dat boy myself—sixty-five cents from Garden City to Jones' Switch."

"How come him to fall under de car?"

"Whilst we wuz pulling into Jones' Switch I tuk my eye off'n 'im fer a minit an' he runs out on de flatform, jes' lak a boy—'twarn't no harm in dat; wuz dere, Mister?"

"No. Go on."

"I seen 'im standin' on de bottom step, an' de porter come bulgin' out wid dat box what dey sets down on de ground fer people to step on. 'Git out de way, boy,' he hollers, den knocks 'im wid de box. Jes' at dat same time dis handholt broke, and dat's how come he fell off and got hurt. Here's de handholt; I picked it up an' kep' it until yit. De screws pulled out ——"

"Wood must ha' been rotten," suggested Solomon. "Dat's neg'gence. Lemme see it."

The old man unwrapped a wad of newspapers, and Solomon examined the handrail.

"Dat porter sho wuz sorry. He 'pologized an' 'pologized, say he didn't aim to do it, but de company fired 'im jes' de same. He's right in town dis very day, an' I kin prove it by him."

Solomon asked shrewd questions, especially about the negro porter. Finally: "Did the company do anything fer yo' boy?"

"Never done nuthin'. Dey wanted 'im to go to de horsepiddle at Garden City, but his ma wouldn't lissen to dat. She warn't gwine to have no studen' doctors carving her boy to pieces; warn't he cut up sufficient lak 'twuz? We jes' took 'im home. Dat claim agent pestered me a heap a-beggin' me to sign some papers ——"

"You didn't sign 'em?" Solomon eagerly asked.

"Dat I didn't. I signed a paper wunst an' hit turned out to be a mortgage. I ain't signin' no mo'."

"Dat's right, you be keerful 'bout signin' papers. Dese railroads is always killin' folks, an' den wants ter give 'em two bits—don't pay no mo' fer a man dan fer a cow."

"Dat claim agent say dis wuz fer five hundred dollars, but I can't read."

"Five hundred?" Solomon's eyes opened very wide.

"Sho did; here's de paper."

Solomon jerked the bedraggled document. His practiced eye recognized the usual form of release in personal-injury cases, and he made sure that it named the sum of five hundred dollars.

"Huh," he thought shrewdly; "mus' be a awful bad case if dey's willing to pay dis ole nigger five hundred dollars 'thout no lawyer or nuthin'." He rapped on the table and called the waiter. "Here, nigger, you'se mighty slow about my beer. Make dat order fish an' pie; den bring us some watermelon. Me an' dis ole gent'mun is p'ticular friends, an' we'se hongry."

The old man smiled his thanks and proceeded: "One o' dem white gentermans sho wuz nice; spoke mighty soft an' easy. Dat's de big railroad lawyer. He writ me dis letter." The old man fumbled in his pockets and produced a worn and folded letter, wrapped in brown paper.

Solomon appropriated it promptly and read—there was much in the letter, but this was the meat: "Confirming the offer made by our Mr. Williamson, we will pay you one thousand dollars in full settlement of all claims against the company growing out of the recent injury to your son."

Solomon saw the value of this letter, so he talked glibly while he tried to slip it into his pocket. But the old man was too quick. "Hold on, Mister, don't take my letter." There was a gleam in the negro's eye which made Solomon understand that he need not try to bluff.

The waiter appeared with clatter of dishes and a smell of fish. Solomon had almost thrown his fat in the fire, so he ordered a second can of beer. Then something else happened. A fat-necked mulatto, with trousers of gorgeous stripe, sauntered in and took his seat at another table. The newcomer demanded pork chops and a cup of coffee, but that didn't fool Solomon worth a cent.

He knew perfectly well that "Slick" Edwards had come in there to watch him and the country negro. Solomon didn't spend money for charity, and Slick knew it. The striker worked overtime with his wits. He must land his fish before Slick began throwing in bait.

"You ain't never been here befo'?" he asked.

"No, suh. Dis is my fust trip."

Solomon leaned across the table and whispered, "Le's you an' me go hack ridin' an' see de town?"

"Thankee, suh, you sutinly is showing me a good time."

Solomon bolted his lunch and hurried the old man at every mouthful, then grabbed his arm and hustled him out the front door. This unexpected manœuver caught Slick napping; he gave his hand away by jumping up and rushing after them.

A tumbledown hack stood in front of the barber shop. Solomon shoved the country negro inside, and shouted for the driver. No driver.

He stepped back and called, "Aleck! Aleck!" into the barber shop. When he turned again Slick was leaning in at the hack window talking to his negro.

Solomon snatched his coat-tail: "Git away, Slick; me an' dis gent'mun is going ridin'."

Slick ran around to the other door and began pulling old Brass-specs out of the hack. "Don't you go wid dat broke-nose nigger, he'll cheat you. I'll take you to de bes' lawyer in town ——"

This irritated Solomon. He grabbed the handhold and lammed Slick over the head with it. "Dar now. I'll knock you into de middle o' nex'

As the Hero Enters After the Overture, So Came the Honorable J. Curtius Mandel

week." Slick tumbled off the carriage-step and fell in a lump.

"Hurry up, Aleck," he urged the driver, and would have got away if a meddlesome officer hadn't caught the horses, while another took charge of Solomon. Before the crowd knew what had happened the bluecoats bundled Slick into the hack, and everybody got a ride.

Dazed as he was, Solomon's greatness rose to meet the emergency. With rare presence of mind he whispered to a friend: "Telephone Mr. Mandel, quick! Run!"

This stroke of genius saved him. The Honorable J. Curtius Mandel rushed to the station-house and bailed him out before George Simmons, Esq., attorney and counselor-at-law, came to the rescue of Slick. A whispered word from Solomon explained the situation. Honorable J. Curtius hurried back to the office, his coattails cutting eccentric capers in the wind. Solomon walked away, arm in arm with his country catch, and had the satisfaction of gloating over Slick, who watched him from the station-house window.

"Huh!" Slick meditated; "nusses dat ole nigger jes' lak he war a gole mine. Tain't no cow case, I know dat. Bound I'll fine out befo' dis day is gone."

Solomon led his captive as if he were leading a child; that country nigger's toes barely touched the pavement.

"Us gotter go an' thank de genterman what kep' us outer jail."

Uncle Noah Mix, flustered and breathless, flopped down on a chair in the office of Honorable J. Curtius Mandel.

"Ain't dis a lawyer's office?" he asked, setting the brass-rimmed specs on top of his head. As he gazed upon the array of obsolete books, they performed their function of impressing the laity.

"Yes," said Solomon, "dis is my lawyer. He 'tends to all my business. When dey 'rested us I sont fer 'im, an' he sho didn't let no grass grow under his feet."

"Sho didn't," chuckled Uncle Noah.

"Mr. Mandel is de best lawyer in dis town, an' a powerful good fren' to niggers."

"Lord*ee*, he must know a heap—all dem books."

"Well, I reckon! Lawyer Mandel knows all de statoots an' de regerlations, back'ards an' for'ards, inside an' out. You can't stump him on no pint o' law, don't care how high dat pint is."

"Is he rich?"

"Nigger, he makes mo' accidenterly dan dese other lawyers makes on purpose."

"Gentlemen, I Should Like to be Assured Which of You Represents the Plaintiff"

As the hero enters after the overture, so came the Honorable J. Curtius Mandel. He moved with a lank and learned majesty, bearing some formidable-looking documents bound with red tape. The negroes rose and stood in awe.

There was something profoundly professional about the white acreage of his shirtfront and the thoughtful droop of his black tie. A long-tailed coat swung pensively, this way and that. His small head bristled with a pompadour; two tiny ears lay flat against his head and suggested a mule that meant to kick. But the Honorable J. Curtius did not kick—he purred.

"Good-evening, Solomon; so this is your friend?"

"Yas, suh; dis gent'mun is a p'ticular friend o' mine. His son got runned over by de Great Western Railroad and had bofe legs cut off. We knows you'se mighty busy, and hates to bother you, but I thought maybe you could do something fer him. He's a po' ole man, an' ain't got no money."

With a lofty wave of the hand Honorable J. Curtius brushed aside that unworthy suggestion. Money made no difference; for him the knight-errantry of the law, succoring the oppressed and doing battle for the weak.

His manner grew calm and soothing; words came softly as a dentist's reassurance. It was almost as if he had said: "I know this hurts a little, but it will soon be over."

"Now, old man, don't be afraid; begin at the beginning and tell me all about it. How did the distressing accident occur?"

"You see, Lawyer, we wuz rollin' into Jones' Switch on de Great Western. My boy went down on de bottom step, jes' like a boy will do, an' cotch holt o' dis railing. De porter come bulgin' out de car wid dat little box what dey puts on de ground fer passengers to step on, an' hollered 'Git out o' my way'; den he gin my boy a knock wid dat box an' dis handholt broke; dat's what made my boy fall in between de cars an' git his legs cut off."

Solomon nodded gravely at each sentence. This was precisely as Uncle Noah stated it to him. The old man would make a good witness.

Honorable J. Curtius seemed inexpressibly grieved. "Too bad! Too bad! And was that the handhold? Ah! I see! the screws pulled loose; wood rotten."

"Yas, suh, when I took it outer dat boy's hand dar wuz de rotten wood stickin' to de screws."

"Exhibit number one," remarked the lawyer, and laid it on the table.

"How is the boy getting along?"

"Some days it 'pears like he gwine to git well; an' den agin he 'pears like he ain't."

"My! my! And the railroad did nothing for him?"

"No, suh, dey axed to take him to de horsepiddle at Garden City, an' 'sisted on me signin' a lot o' papers."

This roused J. Curtius from his settled melancholy. "But you didn't sign a release?"

"No, suh, dat I didn't. His ma carried dat boy home; den de claim agent commenced travelin' back an' fo'th to my house. Atter dat de big lawyer come, an' den he writ me dis," said Uncle Noah, bringing forth a letter.

J. Curtius reached out, possessed the letter, and his lips tightened as he read. "A thousand—compromise"—it filled his mind with pleasant thoughts. He smiled, for the signature was genuine. But the date had been torn off, so he asked: "When was this letter written?"

"One day las' week. My little gal she got hole o' dem papers an' mussed 'em up mightily. But you kin see what de gentermun said."

Honorable J. Curtius laid the letter and the release carefully on the table; old Noah just as carefully took them back and wrapped them in his piece of brown paper. Then he repossessed his handhold, quite naturally, as an old man might take up a cane he had been accustomed to carry. J. Curtius suggested suavely:

"Let me keep them; they'll be safer in the files."

"No, suh, I wants 'em myself."

"I'll get them away from him tomorrow," thought the tactful J. Curtius, and returned to his mutton: "Your boy was a passenger on that train and had paid his fare?"

"Yas, suh; sixty-five cents."

"So he was not a trespasser. How old was he?"

"Nineteen, dis last gone June."

"Ah! A minor. Where did he work?"

"At de brickyard—dollar and a quarter a day."

"Brought his wages home to you and his mother?" Hon. J. Curtius rubbed his hands at the idyllic domestic picture that his fancy conjured up.

"Yas, suh. He never missed a day; and ev'y Saddy night he fotch dat seben an' a half to his ma."

J. Curtius pried deeper into the case and skillfully reminded Noah of certain material facts which he had forgotten. Once or twice he lifted his hand. "Oh, no, I wouldn't say that," he suggested with a conciliating smile. His thin lips shut grimly when Noah mentioned the porter who had been discharged. "He sho is mad at de company."

J. Curtius made a memorandum of the name. Solomon made none, for Solomon never forgot. His business was to get that negro, and no excuse would be accepted.

"Rufe is right here in town," remarked Uncle Noah "I kin find him tomorrow morning."

J. Curtius called his stenographer and dictated an agreement whereby he was retained as the attorney of Noah Mix, with full authority to prosecute or compromise his claim against the Great Western Railroad Company. In order to secure the lawyer his modest fee, Noah Mix assigned him one-half of the recovery. The old man signed this contract and had it witnessed by Solomon Wigley. Honorable J. Curtius filed it away and proceeded to dictate a declaration against the railroad. Noah listened with open-mouthed wonder. He did not realize how diabolically he had been treated until he heard J. Curtius putting it down in black and white. "Whereas" and "aforesaid," "wanton, willful and reckless negligence," "bodily torture and mental anguish," "aged parents deprived of the comfort and consolation of their splendid son."

Noah took a handkerchief and furtively wiped his eyes.

"Wherefore he demands judgment in the sum of twenty thousand dollars."

"There!" exclaimed the Honorable J. Curtius; "that will make them sit up and take notice. Now, old man, you go with Solomon and find that porter, Rufe Jackson."

They had an easy job finding Rufe—stocky-built, black and with the unmistakable swagger that comes from balancing on top of a box-car at thirty miles an hour. While Solomon set up the beer and fed his new witness, Noah strolled out of Sandy's door—then struck a lively gait and disappeared.

Solomon had a vague idea that he was holding Rufe. The notion never entered his head that Rufe was standing guard over him so as to give Noah a chance at some private business. Those brass-rimmed specs went peering up and down the street until they found their man, Slick. Slick leaned against a post. Noah sauntered up and stopped undecidedly in the middle of the pavement. Slick saw him instantly. "Hello, old man, that fellow got you into trouble, didn't he?"

"Sho did. Dat's de fust time I ever wuz 'rested—man an' boy fer sixty years." Noah simply wouldn't let go the other's hand; he laughed delightedly. "I'm pow'ful glad to see somebody I knows; I gits lost in a big town like dis."

Slick skillfully led the conversation until Noah volunteered: "What you reckon dat nigger done? He never took me fer no ride; jes' kept pesterin' me to go to some lawyer or nother. I wouldn't fool wid him; dat broke-nose made me 'spicious."

"Dat's so," said Slick; "you didn't give him yo' case?"

"No, suh, not me. I'se got er good case an' I gotter be keerful." Noah was careful—careful to follow Slick into a quiet corner where he carefully retold the story that had captured Solomon; then he carefully permitted Slick to telephone George Simmons, Esq., to meet them immediately at his office. He carefully told Lawyer Simmons precisely the tale of wrong and outrage that had fired the indignation of Honorable J. Curtius Mandel. Noah signed the contract for a contingent fee and left the pudgy, red-headed lawyer sweating over a declaration. "I'll file this right away."

"Jes' do whatever you think is best, Lawyer," said the old man humbly, standing with his hat in his hand; "I ain't never had no cotehouse scrape in my whole life an' dunno nuthin' 'bout 'em."

Slick hurried out to obey the parting injunction: "Bring Rufe Jackson to me right away."

When they reached the street Slick suggested: "Old man don't you think we had better git hold o' him tonight?"

"No, suh. Rufe is one o' dese skeery niggers an' you gotter handle him mighty gentle. Ef you wuz to go up

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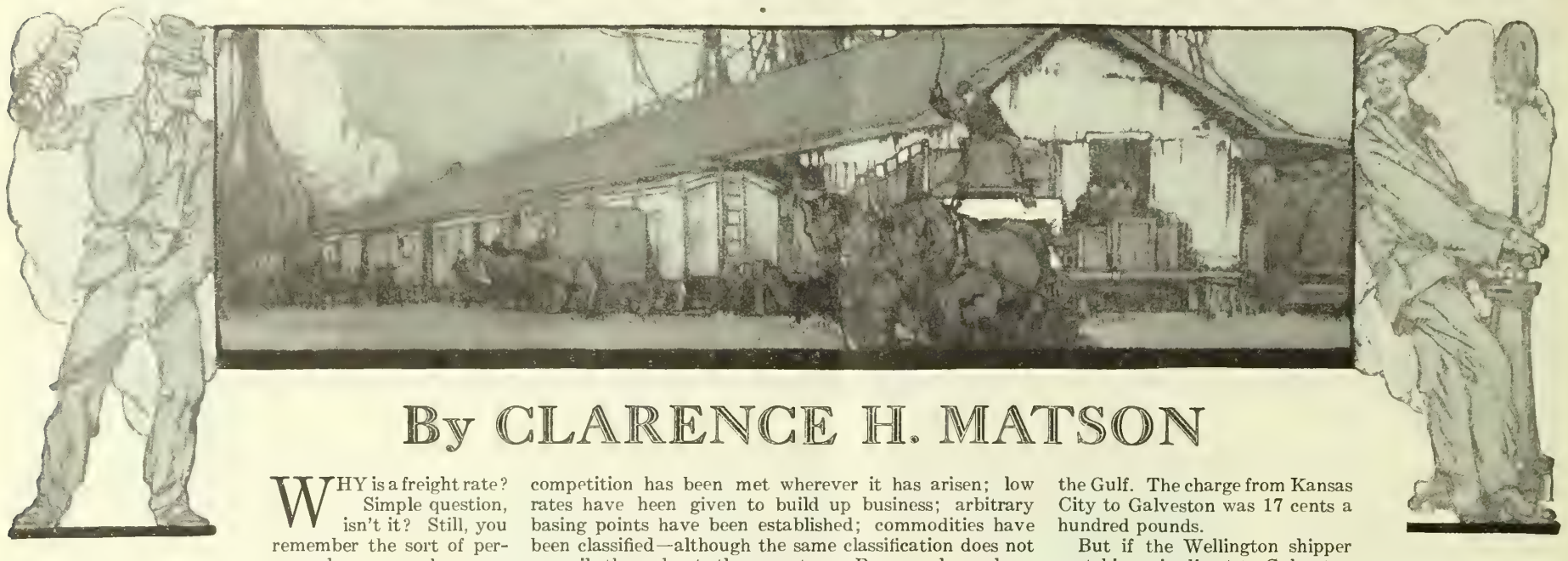
WHY IS A FREIGHT RATE?



By CLARENCE H. MATSON

WHY is a freight rate? Simple question, isn't it? Still, you remember the sort of person who can make more queries than ten wise men can answer. If you should ask a railroad traffic man that question he would predicate his answer with allusions to terminal charges, and differentials, and density of traffic, and classifications, and ton-miles, and various other terms used in a transportation expert's vocabulary; and when he got through you, if you are only an average person, might know little more about it all than when he began.

Yet the average person may arrive at an answer to the problem much more directly than the expert. The average person may not know the difference between a transcontinental tariff and an L. C. L. lot—no, a transcontinental tariff has nothing to do with revision, either up or down, nor is an L. C. L. lot the kind you build a house on—but after noting some of the facts about freight rates the average person is very apt to conclude that the reason for them is because the railroads need the money. At least, no other good excuse for some rates can be found.

The rate on iron pipe from Philadelphia to Los Angeles, California, is ten dollars a ton. The pipe goes by steamer to Mexico, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and up the Pacific Coast, a total of 5500 miles. The same pipe is shipped from Los Angeles to Bakersfield, an interior California oil town, a distance of 167 miles, and the rate is exactly the same as from Philadelphia to Los Angeles—ten dollars a ton.

Yet, in going from Philadelphia to Los Angeles the pipe has to be transferred at each end of the Tehuantepec Railroad; it is hauled by rail across the isthmus, 187 miles; it is landed at San Diego and hauled another 125 miles by rail to Los Angeles. The rail haul alone is almost twice as far as from Los Angeles to Bakersfield, to say nothing of the 5000 miles or more by water and the necessity of three transfers.

What reason can be advanced for this difference in rates except that the railroads need the money? And the traffic managers, being smart men, get it whenever possible. That is what they are hired for.

What the Traffic Will Bear

BUT if you insist on details and explanations as to the "why" of all freight rates, no mere average person can give the answer. For the freight rate, like man, is fearfully and wonderfully made. Not even an expert can give a valid reason—or should one say excuse?—for some freight rates. There once was a time when even an expert could not tell what a given rate was—and be sure about it—let alone telling why it was. The United States Government pays seven able gentlemen a salary of ten thousand dollars a year each to find out what is what about freight rates, and they have a small army of assistants to help them. Yet they are away behind with their work.

So many side issues enter into the making of rates that even the men who make them sometimes have difficulty in explaining why they are made. It can be set down that at the start practically every freight rate was placed at "all the traffic will bear"—railroad men now speak of it as "the value of the service"—and it is still at the same figure, unless competition in some shape has caused a revision downward.

Rates have been made and adjusted, little by little, ever since the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad first started the railroad business, less than three generations ago. Concessions have been made to shippers or communities; competition has been met wherever it has arisen; low rates have been given to build up business; arbitrary basing points have been established; commodities have been classified—although the same classification does not prevail throughout the country. Bureaus have been formed among competing lines, not to agree on rates—certainly not—but only to talk them over and adjust them; and the result of it all is a delicate structure in which even one small rate may not be changed, perhaps, without causing alterations throughout the system.

Following the decision of the courts invalidating the two-cent passenger rate in Missouri, the Missouri roads wished to advance the local rates across that state. Before this could be done, however, thousands of through rates east and west had to be adjusted. The rate between the Missouri and the Mississippi Rivers enters into every other rate between the East and the West. When the local rate in Missouri was raised a corresponding increase was made in the transcontinental rate from San Francisco to New York. When this transcontinental rate was raised by the Kansas City and St. Louis route the same adjustment was necessary by the southern route through New Orleans and the northern routes from the Pacific through St. Paul; and each of these changes, in turn, affected hundreds of other rates. The same sort of an adjustment is necessary wherever a change is made in freight rates.

Naturally, railroads are run to make as much money as possible for their stockholders, yet the men who run them are not always responsible for keeping rates high.

Long Hauls Cheap, Short Hauls Dear

A FEW years ago, when the farmers of the Middle West were experimenting in shipping their own grain, a farmers' elevator company in central Kansas desired to ship its wheat to Galveston instead of to Kansas City or Chicago. The elevator was nearly 200 miles nearer Galveston than was Kansas City, yet its freight rate to the Gulf port was nearly double the rate from Kansas City. The manager of the farmers' company laid the case before a general freight agent.

"I'll tell you what to do," said the general freight agent. "Get your elevator full of grain. Then notify me and we will put into effect an emergency rate from your town, the same as the Kansas City rate, for a short time. We cannot make the rate permanent, but we will keep it in force long enough for you to unload your elevator. When you have your elevator full again we will repeat the operation."

This was certainly a good thing for the farmers, but it did not suit the commission men in the grain centers along the Missouri River. The offending railroad was notified that if it kept up the practice it would lose a large amount of valuable traffic. The practice was stopped. Such emergency or "midnight" rates are illegal now.

Today, grain shippers in central Kansas and Oklahoma are still battling for as low rates to Galveston as Kansas City has. They have obtained slight concessions, but not what they are seeking. For years their rate to the Gulf was practically the local rate to Kansas City plus the through rate from Kansas City to Galveston.

From Wellington, Kansas, for instance, the rate to Kansas City was 14½ cents a hundred pounds. Wellington is near the Kansas-Oklahoma boundary and is the county seat of the county that for years was the banner wheat-producing center of the United States. It is more than 200 miles nearer Galveston than is Kansas City by certain grain routes. If a car of grain was shipped from Wellington to a commission man in Kansas City, and then sold for export through Galveston, it might go right back over the same track through Wellington and on south to the Gulf. The charge from Kansas City to Galveston was 17 cents a hundred pounds.

But if the Wellington shipper sent his grain direct to Galveston the freight rate was 30½ cents, although it was saved the 200-mile haul to Kansas City and return. Naturally, the Wellington shipper could see no just reason for such a rate. The excess cost the farmers of that one county nine cents a bushel on an average yearly production of three million bushels, or $270,000 annually; and there are twenty other million-bushel wheat counties similarly situated in Kansas alone.

Another puzzle that is difficult to understand for those who get the short end of the transaction is the terminal rate proposition.

The rate on certain commodities from New York to San Francisco is $1 a hundred pounds. The goods, perhaps, go directly through Denver. Yet, if they were stopped in Denver the merchant there would have to pay a rate of $1.50. He cannot see why. The reason is that San Francisco is a Pacific terminal point.

This means that if the railroads did not make a rate of $1 to San Francisco on this traffic it would go by sea around Cape Horn or across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in Mexico. Consequently, because of water competition, the low rate is made from the Atlantic Coast to Pacific Coast cities.

Transportation charges probably enter into the cost of living more than any other one item. The food one eats, the clothing one wears, the lumber in one's house, the books one reads, all must pay the freight. The man who settles the bill does not always realize this fact, but he pays it just the same.

It costs about $90 to ship an average car of wheat to one of the grain markets along the Missouri River from the wheat regions 200 miles farther west. That $90 comes out of the pocket of the farmer who grows the grain; but as he usually does not ship the grain himself, but sells it to a local dealer, he does not feel the effect of the freight rate. The dealer simply subtracts the freight rate per bushel from the Omaha or Kansas City price of wheat, and that forms the basis for the price the farmer receives—with another cent or two subtracted for the dealer's profit.

The Man Who Pays the Freight

TO SHIP a minimum carload of cattle the same distance costs only $36.30. Yet the cattle must be rushed through by fast freight, they must be accompanied by a caretaker, and there is greater risk for the railroads in hauling them than in handling wheat. Besides, the grain car will take back a high class of freight on its return trip, while the cattle car may have to return empty. To be sure, the car of cattle weighs only 22,000 pounds, while the car of wheat weighs 70,000 pounds or more; but it probably costs the railroad as much to haul the car of cattle as the car of wheat.

The carload of cattle is hauled for less money than the carload of wheat. Why? Because the stock raiser usually ships his own cattle and thus he realizes the full effect of the freight rate on his profits. He has forced concessions from the railroads; the grain grower has not.

While the railroads usually charge "all the traffic will bear" whenever possible, that does not mean that they always fix rates that will give them excessive profits. Sometimes "all the traffic will bear" is an exceedingly reasonable rate. When a new industry is to be developed it is sometimes necessary to make a rate that does not yield a profit at all; but such a rate is made to build up

business or develop a new territory. The business or territory thus developed in time will yield a paying revenue.

Several years ago there were comparatively few oranges produced in southern California. In order to develop the industry it was necessary to place the product on the market along the Atlantic seaboard in competition with imported fruit. Gradually the traffic experts developed the idea of making a flat rate on California citrus fruits to all territory east of the Rocky Mountains. This rate was made just as high as it could be and still allow the California grower to meet foreign competition and make a profit. Competition could not reach the interior as readily as it could the Atlantic seaboard, and, therefore, the same rate could be charged to Omaha as to New York. While the New York rate was, perhaps, low, the rate to Western points yielded so great a profit that the railroads more than played even. That is why it costs no more to ship a car of oranges from Los Angeles to Boston than to Kansas City.

This rate plan greatly widened the market for southern California oranges, and it built up the industry until that region now grows 80 per cent of all the oranges consumed in the United States. The industry yields a revenue to the railroads of more than $10,000,000 a year on 30,000 cars shipped. This year the shipments will reach above 36,000 cars. Besides, the industry has created a demand for Eastern goods out there.

It has not worked that way with the lemon industry, however. American lemons come into competition with the imported product from Sicily. The steamship rate on the latter from Sicily to New York is about $6 a ton, while the lemon freight rate from California to any point East of the Rocky Mountains was, until a few years ago, $25 a ton. Besides, it is stated that the Sicilian laborer is paid from 25 cents to 45 cents a day for working in the lemon groves, while California labor is paid from $1.50 to $2. To offset this, the California grower was protected by a duty of one cent a pound, but this was not sufficient to make the industry always profitable, and only the finest fruit could compete with Sicily, except in the Middle West.

To keep the industry going, the railroads reduced the freight rate to $1 a hundred pounds, or $20 a ton, but even this concession was not sufficient to build it up, and the lemon growers obtained an increase of half a cent a pound in the lemon duty when Mr. Aldrich recently revised the tariff. They asserted that this would not increase the average price of lemons to the consumer, but it would keep out the low-grade imported fruit and allow California lemons to take their place, thereby widening the market for the home product and building up the industry.

But recently the railroads have announced an intention of advancing the freight rate to $1.15 a hundred pounds, or $23 a ton. Naturally, this has brought forth strenuous objections from the growers, and Frank P. Flint, United States Senator from California, who was instrumental in obtaining the increase in the duty, has declared that the action of the railroads will nullify that of Congress, and it may result in further railroad legislation.

The railroad side of the case is that the lemon rate is much lower, proportionately, than other rates; that it was made only temporarily to help out the lemon industry, and that now the railroads should be allowed to share in the increase in the tariff.

It's a wise traffic man who creates traffic. When the Pacific Northwest first began to develop rapidly, after the building of the Hill lines, cars filled with merchandise westbound were brought east empty. The problem was to fill those eastbound cars. The great product of the Northwest was timber, but the forests of Michigan and of the South were furnishing practically all the lumber needed at that time.

It cost almost as much to haul the cars back empty as it did to haul them loaded, so the traffic managers of the Northwestern roads made a low rate on lumber from the forests of Washington. This boomed the lumber trade of the Northwest and filled the empty eastbound cars. Incidentally, it produced a prosperity in the Northwest that created a demand for more Eastern merchandise and, therefore, made more westbound business also.

In the course of time the Eastern forests were partially depleted and the demand for Washington lumber greatly increased. At length there was more eastbound traffic than westbound, and the problem became one of filling the westbound cars. But the far-seeing eyes of "Uncle Jim" Hill had noted the demand for cotton in Japan and the Orient, and he made a low rate on cotton products from the South through to Asiatic shores. Today, much of the cotton that goes to the Orient is carried by the long haul to Seattle, although it is only about half as far from the cotton fields of Texas due west to the nearest Pacific port. "Uncle Jim" Hill has created the business.

The bugaboo of the railroads, especially the transcontinental lines, is water competition. The highways of the seas are open to all, and there are no roadbeds to maintain nor interest to be paid on big investments in tracks and expensive equipment. Consequently, the cost of transportation by water is only a fraction of that by land.

But there must be landing-places for ships and boats; and far-sighted railroad men have been shrewd enough to see that if they can control the available sites for wharves

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THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

II

At the Old Globe Theater, Boston

By CHARLES BURNHAM

AS A MANAGER John Stetson was the extreme opposite of Augustin Daly. He was what would be termed today a commercial manager, so far as the stage was concerned. When it came to a question of having his theater an artistic one and a place of comfort and elegance, no other manager could compete with him. Absolute cleanliness and perfection were his watchwords, and every employee was imbued with the same idea or they could hold no place in his employment. No theater in the country showed a better example of this than did the Globe Theater, of Boston, of which Stetson was the manager.

Although he came of a good New England family he never took advantage of his opportunity to acquire an education, but rather inclined to seek associates in the sporting class. He would often tell, with great glee, of how he ran away from home to become a sailor. He obtained a position as deckhand on a schooner sailing from Boston for some domestic port, but no sooner had the schooner set sail than he was tired of his bargain. As the vessel was passing through the drawbridge at Charlestown he made a jump, grabbed the railing of the bridge, swung himself free of the schooner and ran as fast as his legs could carry him down the street and away from the briny deep. In telling the story he would wind up with: "And the only way I like salt water is in a bathtub." He had a perfect dread of the ocean, and it was many years before he could bring himself to cross to the other side of the big pond.

His sporting associates brought him into notoriety as a runner, and he took high honors in that class of sport. It was during one of these races that he lost an eye, and, in after years, this affliction became a source of much distress, as he was rather proud of his personal appearance, and any reference to the loss of the eye was enough to make him an enemy. Rough as was his manner, he never failed to recognize a lady and was extremely courteous to women. At times he was so bashful in the presence of ladies that he found it hard work to express himself. A certain well-known actress of Boston, for whom Stetson had a high regard, once said to a friend: "I am going to introduce you to Stetson, and I want you to notice that he will ask me but three questions and repeat them over and over no matter how long he may be with us."

When they met Stetson said: "How are you, Miss ——? And how is your sister? How is your mother?" repeating the same thing over and over.

He was a man of very genial nature when he wanted to be, but one of the most nervous men I have ever met. He also was fond of a good joke, as his convulsive laughter would plainly tell. He was looked upon by his fellow-managers as a conundrum in some respects. Though at times he would tell every detail of his business, at others it would be less difficult to draw meat from an uncracked walnut, to use a somewhat strained comparison.

PHOTO BY C. F. CONLY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Late John Stetson, of the Globe Theater

There was a certain something about Stetson, uncultured as he was, that drew men to him. Nathaniel J. Bradlee, one of Boston's most representative men, a strict churchman, a man of sterling character and integrity, had the greatest respect for Stetson. He was, in fact, the antithesis of Stetson, and yet was strangely drawn to him. Mr. Bradlee was one of the executors of the estate that controlled the Globe Theater, and when Stetson was trying to renew his lease for it he found several other managers bidding against him, and it looked as if he would lose in the fight for control. I went to Mr. Bradlee, told him of Stetson's fears, and asked him if he would not use his influence to give Stetson a chance to renew the lease. His answer was: "Tell Mr. Stetson I would rather have his word than the bond of the men bidding against him, and that he need have no fear of the ultimate result. I am only too glad to do business with people I respect to desire to make any change."

Another instance of Stetson's magnetism was seen in the case of Governor Ames, of Massachusetts. The Ames estate owned Booth's Theater, in New York, and the Governor, through his friendly feeling for Stetson, who was managing the theater prior to its being sold, offered to sell him the property for less than he offered it to others.

As a money-maker Stetson was a wonder. Besides his theatrical interests, he controlled a big printing plant, ran a newspaper, and was more than fortunate in real-estate deals.

Probably no one man ever had so many stories laid to his credit as Stetson. Many of these were true, but many more were simply laid at his door for the reason that he was a good subject for them. Wherever men gathered you would be apt to hear: "Have you heard the latest about Stetson?" By many he was termed the Mr. Malaprop of the theatrical business. And, after hearing him get off one of his wrestling matches with the English language, you were in doubt whether his mistakes were intentional or made through sheer ignorance.

I went to Europe one season on some business for him, and on my return he said he desired me to go to New York the coming season and take charge of his business there. I offered objections and said I did not care to go. He quickly answered: "Well, I want you to go, and I want you to understand this much: that where France most needs a soldier that's where Italy wants him. And that's my case." Though a little mixed on his metaphors they always expressed his sentiments.

At one time he was very anxious to get Madame Bernhardt for a return engagement in this country and desired me to go over and close the deal. I was unable to do so and argued with him that it was his place to go, that he should see the country and come in personal contact with the leading representatives of the theatrical business on the other side.

"What!" he exclaimed, "me go over there? Not much. From Boston to New York by the Fall River Line is quite enough for me, and even then I am always glad when I am on vice versa once more."

He cabled over and placed the arrangement in the hands of a theatrical agent on the other side. The negotiations fell through, and in place of Bernhardt he made a contract to bring Salvini over for a second tour of the States. When Bernhardt came she was under Abbey's management, but her appearance was made at the Globe.

One day, while conversing with Mr. Jarrett, Bernhardt's personal representative, Stetson told him how sorry he was he had been unable to obtain her. "Had you sent

Burnham or any other reputable agent," said Mr. Jarrett, "we would rather have come with you, but we did not like to do business with the man who represented you."

On Madame Bernhardt's arrival in Boston I induced Stetson to call on her at her hotel to pay his respects. On his return I asked him if he had seen her.

"No, I did not," he said. "Some blamed Frenchman was ahead of me. She sent down word she was in her room with Sciatica."

After getting to know Stetson I regarded such answers from him in the light of a joke and not, as many did, as a Stetsonian break.

When Salvini arrived in Boston preparatory to beginning his engagement a banquet was arranged in his honor at which all the leading artistic and literary lights of Boston were to be present. When it came to the time for speeches many of Stetson's friends were fearful he would be called upon, in which event they felt sure that he would make a Stetsonian *faux pas* that would startle the dignified gathering. Instead, he arose and made a brief speech that caused many present, who had heard of the man but who had never met him, to change their minds concerning him. In answer to the demands for a speech he said:

"I endeavored to arrange to present to my Boston patrons the Lily of France. Failing in that, I have brought you the Soldier-Actor of Italy."

During the momentary quiet that occurred before another speaker arose a well-known critic, who had failed to notice the sudden quiet, exclaimed in a voice heard all over the room as he addressed a waiter: "Confound it, man, can't you bring me some pie?" The *faux pas* came, but from an unexpected quarter.

Salvini's tour, although it brought credit to Stetson's reputation as a manager, depleted his bank account; for it was far from a financial success, and he was delighted when it terminated. We endeavored to get Salvini to make some concession in his contract, but to no avail. He insisted on its fulfillment to the letter, even to his half dozen candles a night. It was part of the arrangement with him that he should have so many candles a night. These he used in his dressing-room in making up, and each night he would have his dresser carefully gather all the unburnt candles and the remains of those he had used and put them in a trunk. This he did throughout the country, insisting every night on a fresh half dozen or more. As to what he ultimately did with them I do not know. Probably he carried them back to Italy.

Hard Cash or Nothing

ORLANDO TOMPKINS, who for years had kept a drug-store, became the manager of the Boston Theater, and in the negotiations for the lease had hypothecated bonds that were involved with the arrangement of the lease. Stetson got into a lawsuit connected with an actor he had engaged for Salvini's company, who at one time had been connected with the Boston Theater. It became necessary for Stetson to use some bonds which he had put up for security in the lawsuit, and on consulting with his lawyer he was advised that he might hypothecate the bonds.

"No, siree," said Stetson; "Tompkins can do that thing, but I'll be blamed if I'm going to apothecary my bonds."

Stetson had a great fondness for music, and many of his ventures into the operatic field resulted in great credit to him. One season Gerster and Patti were appearing at the Globe for a week's engagement. They were under Colonel Mapleson's management and the engagement was a lamentable failure. Patti insisted every time she appeared upon receiving her guarantee of four thousand dollars before she would allow the curtain to be raised. Her personal manager would not take the Colonel's check, which he invariably tendered. Patti wanted the cash. Mapleson came to Stetson and asked him to cash his check, as the gross receipts did not amount to half the amount required. He at first refused, saying: "I am not collecting autographs!" but finally agreed to advance the cash rather than have his audience disappointed.

One Sunday evening Stetson engaged Clara Louise Kellogg for a concert for which he was to pay for her services alone seven hundred dollars. The amount taken in barely paid the other expenses, so when I went back on the stage to pay Miss Kellogg she said: "I want you to tell Mr. Stetson how sorry I am that the house is so poor, and as I know it would be useless to tender him back any of this amount I wish you would ask him if there is not some song that I can sing for his especial benefit." I did so, and he told me to ask her to sing Home, Sweet Home for him. Stetson sat alone in his box listening to her. She sang it directly at him, and I doubt if she ever sang it better. The tears rolled down Stetson's face and, when she had finished, he called to her over the footlights: "It was worth every cent of it."

Stetson had one or two companies playing through New England in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and always took a great delight in trying his hand at rehearsing them; and, though his efforts in that direction were often laughable, he managed to get more out of his companies than did many stage managers. Once, when he was rehearsing The Pirates of Penzance he found fault with the chorus for the manner in which they were singing the Policeman's Chorus. Stopping them in the middle of the scene and rushing on the stage he cried out:

"What am I paying you ducks for?"

"To sing," some one falteringly answered.

"Then, why don't you do it?" roared Stetson.

"Why, Mr. Stetson," interrupted the musical director, "the six men on this side sing one part and the others sing the refrain."

"Not much," answered Stetson. "If I find any of them refraining I'll fire them."

He was only intent on getting the full strength of the chorus he was paying for, without stopping to think of the arrangement of the music.

One morning while he was passing through the theater he overheard the orchestra rehearsing a tune that pleased him. Going into his box he leaned over the rail and listened. One part of the piece they were rehearsing he particularly liked; it was an air that ran through the number and which was played by the piccolo player. Observing that every now and then the player ceased playing and looked at his music rather closely, as if in doubt, Stetson stopped the rehearsal by calling out to the director:

"Here, John, what's this fellow down here with that stick doing? What makes him stop? Why don't he keep on playing?"

"He has a bar rest," answered the leader.

"He has a good rest, all right," Stetson replied to the director, "but I want him to keep tooting; he can rest on all the bars he wants to outside of the theater."

PHOTO BY MORA, NEW YORK CITY

Rosina Vokes

At the time Stetson was trying to renew his lease of the Globe Theater considerable difficulty arose in making terms with the man who owned a small portion of a lot that formed part of the stage. Terms could not be agreed upon, excepting at such high figures that Stetson balked.

"Let's leave it to a referee," said the owner.

"I'll be blowed if I will," answered Stetson; "I'll leave it to bricks."

This puzzled the owner of the land in question, but he learned what Stetson meant several days after that when he found masons at work building a brick wall around the space and shutting it off from the rest of the theater. When the dispute arose the space, which had been used as a property-room, contained several thousand dollars' worth of properties. The owner, incensed at Stetson, procured an injunction restraining Stetson from entering the property or removing anything therefrom. That didn't affect Stetson. He went on building the wall, leaving the goods there; and, for all I know, they may be rotting there still.

He was always glad to have any one laugh at his stories, and often, when I was particularly anxious to have him in a good humor, I would go to the boys in the box-office and tell them that if Stetson came in and sprung a story of any kind to laugh as if their lives depended on it.

On one of these occasions he came in the office in a particularly grumpy state, and though we all fished for a story, not one little bit of a chance would he give us. Just as we were about to give it up in despair and just as he had started on some subject that looked dangerous for his good humor, a man stepped up to the door, and, saluting Stetson, said: "How-de-do, Mr. Stetson? I am Mr. Jones, agent for Dark Days"—naming an attraction that was to come to the theater later on.

"Yes," grunted Stetson, "followed by darn dark nights."

The yell that went up in that box-office would have made a college yell sound like a baby's coo.

Stetson was as much astounded as the agent; he looked rather suspicious, but the cause was so legitimate that we had the best of it. Convinced of the hit he had made he started out in royal good humor, telling the story to ushers, doorkeepers and every one with whom he came in contact.

Stetson had working for him one time at the Globe a carpenter who really believed he was possessed of more knowledge than generally falls to the lot of ordinary mortals. He always tried to impress Stetson with his profound learning, especially on the subject of architecture. While discussing with this learned carpenter some alterations he desired made in the theater, Stetson said:

"I think if we put another base on top of those pillars it will make them look much better."

"That won't do," said the carpenter. "Those are Queen Annie's pillows, and it would spoil their sympathetical look to have another bottom put on top."

"Queen Annie nothing!" roared Stetson. "Those pillars are mine, and I'll put bottoms all over them if I want to."

The carpenter brought forth more of his architectural knowledge, and his words were too much for Stetson.

"Oh, dry up!" he exclaimed. "I've got all I can do to wrestle with the English language, but you're not even on speaking terms with it."

During a visit President Arthur and his Cabinet paid to Boston they visited the Globe Theater when Madame Modjeska was appearing there. On the evening in question, while I was waiting the arrival of the Presidential party at the main entrance of the theater, word was brought to me that some one desired to see me at the side entrance of the theater. On going there I found a cab at the entrance which had all the curtains closely drawn. When the door was opened I saw that General Butler, who was Governor of Massachusetts at the time, was its occupant. He inquired of me if the President had arrived and, on telling him he had not, General Butler asked me if I would come and let him know as soon as Arthur and his Cabinet had entered their box, and to say nothing of his being there.

Ben Butler's Dramatic Entrance

ON THE arrival of the President I escorted him to his box and immediately returned to Butler and escorted him to the box that had been reserved for his use. The moment he entered the audience recognized him and gave him a reception fully equal to that extended to Arthur. As he bowed first to the President and then to the audience I immediately saw his object in not entering until after Arthur's arrival. He was theatrical enough to want a reception all by himself and particularly wanted the Presidential party to see how popular he was with the public. His bowing smile said as plain as words: "You see what they think of me." Arthur and the rest of the party seemed to realize the situation and, as he smilingly returned Butler's salutation, the audience renewed their applause and had both men acknowledging the ovation.

At the end of the first act Modjeska appeared before the curtain and, graciously bowing to the President, threw to him a rose which fell directly in his lap. Picking it up and rising to his feet he pressed it to his lips and gallantly returned Madame's salutation. As she crossed the stage she stopped in front of the box Butler was occupying, which was almost on a level with the stage, and as graciously bowed to him. She drew another flower from her hair and handed it to the General. He took her hand with the rose and, in the most gallant manner in the world, kissed it, at the same time handing to her a magnificent basket of flowers which he had brought to the theater with him.

This incident brought the audience to its feet and they commenced to cheer and applaud. Butler looked over to the Presidential party as much as to say: "I was ahead of you that time." Arthur enjoyed the situation as much as any one, and a few minutes afterward, as Butler entered his box to pay his respects, said to him as he grasped his extended hand:

"Well, General, you are a mighty good stage manager."

"That may be, Mr. President, but a Democrat rarely gets ahead of a Republican."

"But you know, General," was the President's retort, "there are some people who say you are not a Democrat."

Before the performance was concluded Arthur sent for me and asked if it was possible to procure some flowers that he might send to Madame Modjeska with his compliments. I told him it was too late and asked if he would not rather go on the stage and call on Madame, who would be only too proud of the honor.

"Nothing I would like better," he said.

Then, turning to Secretary Sherman, who was of the party, he said:

"I suppose, Sherman, if I went on the stage to see Madame Modjeska it would cause unfavorable comment?"

"I am afraid it would," answered Sherman.

"I suppose so," said the President. Then, turning to me he said: "Will you kindly express to the Madame my deep appreciation of her performance and the enjoyment she has given me, and say that I should enjoy the honor of calling on her in person and expressing my thanks, only there are some things a President cannot do, and going behind the scenes seems to be one of them."

Edith Kingdon

The front of the house at the Globe Theater was in many respects one of the pleasantest places with which it has been my good fortune to be connected. Here one would meet on common ground people in all ranks of life. As the saying was in Boston: "You were a big toad in a small pond."

Of an evening I have chatted with the Governor of the State, who would stop in for a few minutes as he was passing. I have had the honor and pleasure of talks with Oliver Wendell Holmes and Henry W. Longfellow, who, though not very frequent visitors, were always to be seen there when some star like Booth or Salvini or Rossi was playing an engagement. John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet, was one of those who would quite frequently drop in for a while. In short, as Henry Irving once expressed it: "I like Boston, for everybody seems to know everybody, and everybody has a good word for everybody else."

No visitor was more welcome than Edith Kingdon, who at one time was a member of the Boston Theater Company and who, when she was out of the bill at that theater, would often drop in, take a seat in the back row and be ready for a little chat with a grace and charm of manner that made everybody her friend.

Ellen Terry, when she first appeared in Boston, and when not in the bill with Mr. Irving, could be found almost any evening in one of those mezzanine boxes that adorned the old Globe Theater. Everything to her was "just fine." She would come bounding through the lobby with that bright, cheery manner of hers. "I suppose you have one of those little boxes for me?" she would say. "Thank you, that is fine." Then she would insist on your coming up to the box for a little talk with a charm that made you feel that you were the one person in the world she desired to talk to.

Another "dropper-in," who was always a most welcome visitor, was Charles Hoyt.

Hoyt at that time was the dramatic editor of the Boston Post, and the author of a column in the same paper that was headed "All Sorts." In this column appeared many of those witticisms of his that afterward found greater scope in his plays.

One afternoon in the season of '81, while standing in front of the Globe talking with Stetson, our attention was attracted to a little blonde girl who stood on the opposite side of the street talking with two men, one of whom was Stetson's musical director. At that time Stetson was preparing a production of Pinafore, and had sent over to New York for some chorus people. Thinking possibly the girl might be one of the new chorus he called his leader over and asked him who the little tow-headed girl was. "That's young Braham's wife," was the answer. He called them over and introduced us. Stetson inquired of young Braham: "Where did you get that?" "Oh, Mr Stetson," he said, "she is a very fine singer and some day will make a big reputation." He proved to be quite right. The young lady in question was Lillian Russell.

Adelina Patti

Two of the most honored visitors to the Globe Theater were Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Henry W. Longfellow. On the occasion of Salvini's appearance at the Globe Theater I wrote to Doctor Holmes and invited him to attend the opening performance. I inclosed him tickets for a box holding six, and the following modest reply was received:

296 BEACON STREET, December 29, 1880.

My dear Sir: It will give me great pleasure to witness Signor Salvini's appearance on Monday evening, and I thank you for the ticket you have kindly sent me.

The ticket says it admits *six*, and, as this seems too liberal, I write to ask if I am at liberty to bring one or more of my family with me, or if the ticket is meant as strictly personal. Pray excuse my question, and believe me

Very truly yours, O. W. HOLMES.

The Boston Museum in the Eighties

THE Boston Museum, long one of the family institutions of that town, was presided over by R. Montgomery Field; "Monty," his intimates called him. Mr. Field was in every respect the typical gentleman and as unlike Stetson as it was possible for two men to be. The Museum, so called from a collection of curiosities exhibited in a hall connected with the theater, was for a long while rather a standing joke with other managers, notwithstanding its great record. It had a stock company, of which for years William Warren was the leading light. Camille had never been allowed upon its boards and, in fact, no play that savored in the faintest degree of immorality. The methods of management were rather old-fashioned. To Stetson its management was a joke, although the best of feeling existed between the two managers. Some one told Stetson one day that they were going to put on a new production there. "Umph!" he grunted. "Do you know how they paint scenery there? Lay the old stuff on the floor and dust it off—then call it 'new scenery.'"

I went to New York once to try to secure Billy Florence to fill in a week at the Globe. I found he was already engaged by Field, and wired Stetson: "Florence goes to Boston Museum." Stetson wired back: "Ask him if on the stage or in the museum."

This was one of Stetson's jokes, and I inadvertently let Florence see the telegram. Billy never forgave Stetson.

In the spring of '85 I went to England for Stetson to arrange for the appearances in this country of Rosina Vokes and a company which she was organizing. When negotiations were first opened between Miss Vokes—who in private life was Mrs. Cecil Clay, as she had married since her last previous appearance in America—it was understood that the company was to consist of titled amateurs. Mr. Stetson was much interested in the idea of having such a popular artist as Miss Rosina Vokes make her reappearance here in a company composed of some of the aristocracy of England and was very enthusiastic over the prospect.

After arriving on the other side and going over the scheme with Mr. Clay and his wife our plans were considerably altered. I was invited out one evening soon after my arrival to meet the ladies and gentlemen who were to be of the company, and the next day called on the Clays and expressed the fear that though the company she had selected would particularly grace society at any function they would hardly be appreciated by a public who went to the theater for the entertainment which they might receive from the plays presented, but not from peculiarities of the people composing the cast. I cabled to Stetson the change in plans, and he wired back:

"Sorry to lose the chance of meeting nobility, but bring Miss Rosina and let the swells go."

While I was in London making these arrangements I chanced one day to meet a certain well-known American manager, who asked me what brought me over there. On telling him, I returned the compliment and asked him the nature of his business. He informed me he was there to conclude arrangements with D'Oyley Carte for the presentation in America of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera, The Mikado, which was then the reigning success of London. Asking him if he had fully completed his arrangements, he replied: "Oh, yes, as far as I am concerned Carte seems to have a little different idea from mine on the matter, but as he will not be able to give the opera over there without arranging with me I am going to let him think the affair over for a few days till he comes around to my way."

In the course of our talk he inquired particularly if Stetson had any open time at the Fifth Avenue Theater in New York, and I told him that Booth, Miss Vokes, Lotta and other stars had the time.

"That's good," he replied; "I have nothing to fear from that quarter, so I guess I'll give Carte an extra squeeze on the terms."

I asked him further what the difference of opinion was between Carte and himself, and he said it arose from the fact that he wanted to do the opera with his own company, while Carte preferred doing it with an English company.

That evening I called upon Miss Lenoire, who was Carte's general manager, and in the course of conversation told her of the talk I had that day with the New York manager.

"Well," she replied, "I am sorry if Mr. —— feels that he can coerce Mr. Carte, and I think he will find himself mistaken. Would Mr. Stetson like to have the opera?"

"Why, most assuredly, if there is any way it could be arranged. But I do not care to bid against Mr. ——; and, besides, I do not know as we could fix time satisfactorily," I replied.

Mr. Carte then came into the office and, on being told what had taken place, gave voice to some remarks that were more emphatic than parliamentary, adding: "If you will get Stetson to give me the time I will give him the opera on better terms than I have offered it to Mr. ——."

"Give me twenty-four hours," I said, "and I will see what I can do."

I immediately cabled Stetson I could procure The Mikado for New York and New England for fifty per cent of five thousand dollars and forty per cent on all over that sum, if he could arrange to cancel the contracts with the Fifth Avenue.

(Continued on Page 34)

Lillian Russell (Age About 18)

Mrs. Langtry

THE LOSING GAME

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

V

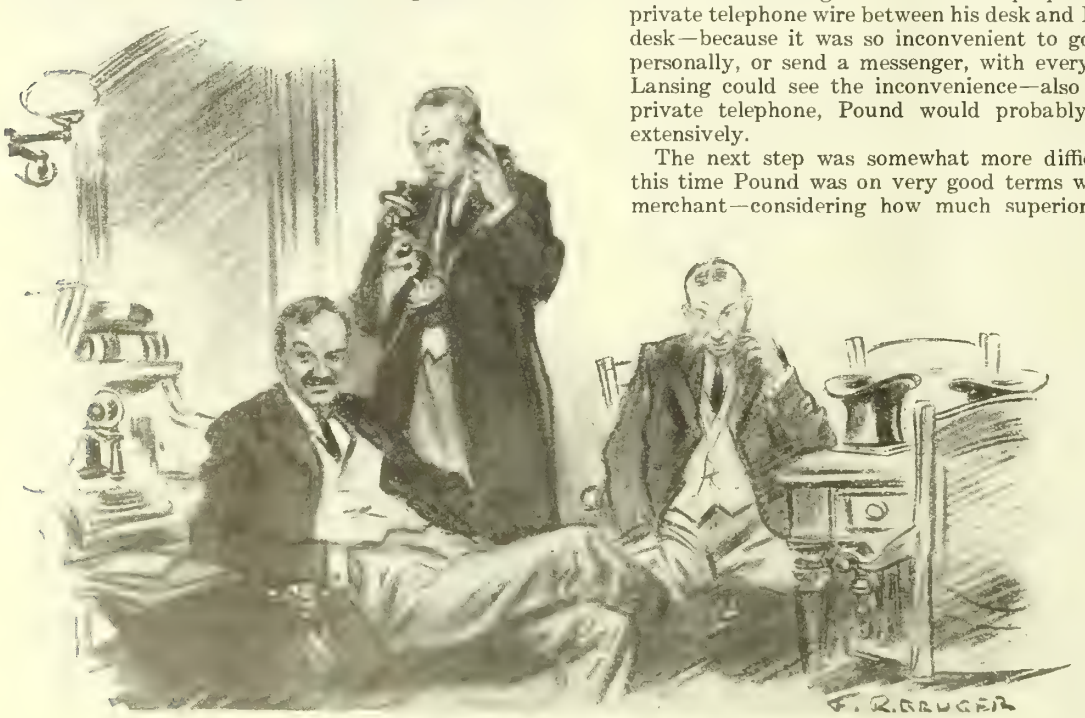
LANSING & CO. were a grain commission house of long standing and high reputation. Early in life Mr. Lansing had been a school-teacher in Massachusetts, and he had never, so to speak, been able to get over it. He retained a neat Boston accent and exact manner of speaking which contrasted oddly with the broad, slipshod vernacular. A strange tradition respecting him was in circulation—namely, that he put on evening dress at dinnertime even when there were no guests in the house. He was a trim, smallish man of fifty. His close-clipped side-whiskers and mustache, marking a clean-cut area on his ruddy face, looked as precise as an English hedge on a smooth lawn. When he took his eyeglasses between the thumb and forefinger of each plump hand, adjusted them to the bridge of his nose and laid the tiny black silk ribbon which was attached to them over his right ear, everybody else's manner of putting on eyeglasses seemed vulgar. "He reminds me," said Pound to his wife, "of a fresh-washed pet sheep, with a shaved chin, in spectacles."

Accident threw Mr. Lansing in Pound's way. Among the occasional patrons of the bucketshop's branch office at Prairie Center was a grain dealer who did business at St. Paul with Lansing & Co. Once, being caught short of ready money at home, he wired Lansing & Co. to make a small deposit for his account with the Moxley Stock and Grain Company. Whereupon Mr. Lansing wrote him a personal letter, paternally remonstrating with him for trading with a bucketshop. The grain dealer handed this letter to the local manager at Prairie Center, who forwarded it to Pound.

Pound then called upon Mr. Lansing with the letter. He was very good-natured about it. The Moxley Stock and Grain Company, he explained, already had some four thousand customers in the Northwest—inadvertently multiplying the actual number by about fifteen—and was rapidly getting more. Of course, if Mr. Lansing felt obliged to go out of his way for the purpose of injuring them, they should feel compelled to retaliate; but he hoped no such disagreeable necessity would arise.

The fact that the Prairie Center man whom he had advised in such a fatherly way promptly turned his letter over to the condemned bucketshop was quite humiliating to Mr. Lansing. He perceived that he had made a fool of himself, and that Pound was taking the least possible advantage of the fact. The two parted with mutual politeness.

During this call Pound noticed that the office of Lansing & Co. was provided with a stock ticker, but had no blackboard upon which to post stock quotations. He instantly guessed why, and confirmed the guess, upon returning to his own office, by ascertaining that Lansing & Co. were not members of the New York Stock Exchange. Not being members of the Exchange, they were obliged to have their stock orders executed by some person who was a member, and to pay over to that person the whole commission. In short, Lansing & Co. got not a penny of revenue from stock orders. Naturally, they were not seeking such orders. Yet the presence of the ticker showed that some of their grain clients were interested in stocks, and that Mr. Lansing felt under obligations to execute stock orders for them, although he derived no profit from it. This gave Pound an idea.



"This is Totherow. Go Ahead Instantly"

In carrying out this idea he moved cautiously and with deliberation. Three or four times he dropped in and chatted amiably with Mr. Lansing, who treated him with condescending good nature. The point with Pound, however, was not how Mr. Lansing treated him but how much he swallowed of his casual remarks concerning the magnitude of the bucketshop's operations. At length he proposed to open a personal account with Lansing & Co. and deal in grain through them. He explained that he was obliged to do a great deal of business on the Board of Trade by way of hedging against the grain trades of the patrons of the bucketshop.

Mr. Lansing listened to the proposal with conflicting emotions. He prided himself upon his "regularity" as a commission merchant, and it was not strictly ethical for a "regular" house to have any dealings with a bucketshop. That was a good deal as though a quack proposed to hire a regular physician to write prescriptions for him. But if the quack personally were ill, the regular physician would prescribe for him; and Pound proposed to deal with Lansing & Co. merely as an individual. He spoke offhand of large orders. It meant a very snug little revenue, in commissions, for Lansing & Co.

In truth, Mr. Lansing was dissatisfied. His house was comparatively old, enjoyed high credit and was in quite easy circumstances financially; but it was not really rich. Mr. Lansing's personal expenses were large, and he suffered the humiliation of seeing younger, more boisterous and vulgar concerns—which certainly deserved far less well of the community and of the world at large—outstrip him in the race for business and profits. This was especially true of late, since speculators had been turning so much to stocks. Mr. Lansing had often anxiously debated whether he should not buy a stock exchange membership and go in for that trade. But a membership cost sixty thousand dollars, and he didn't quite see his way to tying up so much money. It was particularly hard, under these circumstances, to turn away the profitable business which Pound offered him. So he did not turn it away.

Yet he was scrupulous. That is, he thought it would be well for Pound to open the account under a dummy name and deal with himself personally. This exactly suited Pound.

For some time Pound did, indeed, deal rather extensively in grain, buying and selling so as to avoid much risk of loss, yet paying a good many hundred dollars in commissions to Lansing & Co. Then he proposed to put in a private telephone wire between his desk and Mr. Lansing's desk—because it was so inconvenient to go two blocks, personally, or send a messenger, with every order. Mr. Lansing could see the inconvenience—also that, with a private telephone, Pound would probably trade more extensively.

The next step was somewhat more difficult; but by this time Pound was on very good terms with the grain merchant—considering how much superior to him, by nature and education, the latter was.

In good time he pointed out that Lansing & Co. had a fine clientele in the grain business. Many of these grain clients also dealt in stocks. Why shouldn't Mr. Lansing do their stock business as well as their grain business, thereby, out of hand, greatly increasing his income? True, Mr. Lansing might take their stock orders now, and turn them over to an exchange member who would hog all the commissions, leaving not a sou for Lansing & Co. Why shouldn't Mr. Lansing just send the stock orders over to Pound, who would not only divide the commissions with him, but would let him keep all the interest which he charged the customers for carrying their stocks? In short, why shouldn't Mr. Lansing take the ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year which was all ready to drop into his hand?

Solly Bloom Bought Himself Another Diamond Ring

This, of course, was not merely writing prescriptions for the quack. It was going into full partnership with him—with the important exception that the partnership would be secret.

According to his nature, Mr. Lansing fell only by degrees. That is, he began by sending only a few stock orders over to the bucketshop. Before long, however, he was sending all his stock orders that way. The business between the regular house and the bucketshop, being of a peculiar nature, was carried on in a peculiar way.

Naturally, Mr. Lansing took every precaution he could think of to keep it secret. The private telephone line ran direct from his desk to Pound's desk, without any other connection. All the orders were sent by himself personally over this line, and received by Pound personally. To confirm the orders, Pound merely wrote on a blank card the name of the stock, the number of shares bought or sold, and the price; then signed it with his initials and mailed the card to Mr. Lansing personally in a plain envelope. The trades were not entered at all on the regular books of the bucketshop, but were kept by Pound in a little red memorandum book, securely locked in his desk. Mr. Lansing was even fearful lest the money that passed between them for margins and on settlement of trades might be traced through the banks. At Pound's suggestion the checks were made out to his wife, under her former name of Emma Raymond.

Now, Lansing & Co.'s customers were mostly of the experienced, more or less "professional" sort. As stocks had been going up for a good while they were inclined to take the bear side—that is, to play for a fall. Consequently, they sold much more than they bought. And, as stocks continued to rise pretty steadily, they lost pretty steadily. Thus the number of checks that traveled from Lansing & Co. to Emma decidedly exceeded the number that traveled back from Emma to Lansing & Co.

This was a welcome relief to Pound. He had pushed on with the wire. The company now had ten country offices—the farthest one in Montana. The wire account ate up its meager capital. Moreover, nearly all of the country speculators, when they dealt in stocks, played for a rise, and as stocks rose their winnings accumulated. No such luck attended them when they dealt in grain. Indeed, the bucketshop's grain account showed a very fair profit. Its gains from Lansing's professional bears helped. Yet there was no denying that it was skating over exceedingly thin ice. For days together it was, in fact, hopelessly insolvent. It could not have come near paying its customers what it owed them if they had demanded payment. Pound fortified himself with the conviction that they would not demand payment, but would continue putting back into the game all they won and more, too. More money did, indeed, come in than went out; but knowledge that one cannot pay if required to do so is trying to one's nerves.

Without a suspicion that their winnings consisted of nothing more tangible than some figures on the bucketshop's books, the country bulls were in high feather. Solly Bloom, at Bremen, bought himself another diamond ring. But he wore it in his pocket—for S. Bloom, Sr., was one of the few persons in town who did not know that Solly was playing the market. The habitués of Jo Hartwick's Sample Room discussed his trades with interest and with intimate knowledge. Even Zeke, the colored porter of the Bremen House, knew that Solly was fourteen hundred dollars ahead of the game—and told traveling men about it in the same spirit of local pride with which he boasted of the gristmill and the big wheat crop.

It was noticed that Mr. Barlow now carried prime five-cent cigars right around in his vest pocket, and every now

and then gave one away. From which the inference that Mr. Barlow was somehow making a great deal of money was irresistible. It began to be rumored that he was planning to build a residence which would outshine anything in the county. When questioned about it Mr. Barlow only smiled mysteriously, then went to his room and figured up again how much his Copper stock had made for him.

Wyandotte and Prairie Center, Luperville and Roscoe, Loam City, Hillsdale and Heinemann each had its group of happy little bulls. And stocks still rose.

At length Pound grew nervous—understanding the psychology of the little bull. That mysterious animal would let his winnings accumulate until they reached such proportions that they presented themselves to his mind in the tangible form of a new barn, or an L on the house, or a driving horse, or a trip to the Coast. Then he would want to draw them out and convert them into that tangible form. Or else, some subtle wave of caution would infect a whole drove of him at once.

Wyandotte, the oldest office, was the first one to turn bad. One customer after another drew out considerable sums. Then the newest office, in Montana, began pulling unpleasantly at the bank account. Then Brewer wrote that he guessed Mr. Barlow was going to pull out. Mr. Barlow was "long" six hundred shares of Copper, on which his gains amounted to nearly nine thousand dollars.

At this inopportune moment the refreshing stream of cash from Lansing & Co. was partly cut off. Mr. Lansing—Pound could hardly forgive him for it—discovered a trader who was a bull and had the courage of his convictions. This man had bought Northern Pacific until he was "long" eight hundred shares. Lansing's bear traders were still "short" some three thousand shares of various stocks; but as the bears lost, the bull won; so, on a net balance, less margin money than formerly passed from Lansing to Pound.

The bucketshop had a fine balance to its credit at the bank, but it really owed its customers twice the amount of the balance. Pound was troubled by a feeling that the concern had become a house of cards which any breeze that started a selling movement among the customers would lay low.

The breeze sprang up early in May. Pound received a letter from the manager at Wyandotte—which some more skillful hand had evidently prepared. It said that the local customers had been conferring and had reached the conclusion that the Moxley Stock and Grain Company should at once deposit in the Wyandotte Bank at least enough money to settle all local trades, and thereafter local margin money should be kept at home instead of being forwarded daily to St. Paul. In compliance with this opinion, the manager wrote, he had given the Wyandotte Bank a draft on the company for five thousand dollars.

Now, under Pound's system, all the margin money that was paid in at the local offices was at once transferred by wire to St. Paul. Naturally, the local banks would have preferred to keep this money at home. Pound guessed that the Wyandotte Bank people had been egging on the manager to make this move.

It presented a dangerous dilemma. On the one hand, if he honored the manager's draft, thereby transferring five thousand dollars to the Wyandotte Bank, it would break up his system of keeping the money and the game entirely in his own hands. Very likely the Wyandotte Bank would pass on the word to the banks in other towns, which would follow its lead. As the company didn't have half enough money to go around, the result would be ruin. On the other hand, if he refused to pay the draft the Wyandotte Bank might proclaim that he was out of money and start a panic among his customers which would spread to other towns with equal ruin.

He left the office early and walked out to the modest flat which he and Emma had taken. It was a beautiful May afternoon. Even in that comparatively-high latitude spring was well advanced. But Pound was scarcely aware of it. His mood was not vernal. He gave Emma the letter without comment.

She considered it carefully. "I remember this man," she observed, glancing again at the letter. "He used to hang around the office when I was out there. I don't believe he's got any sand. Refuse to pay the draft and send Ham down there to threaten to fire him on the spot. I bet, if you jump on him quick with both feet he'll cave and be down on his knees begging Ham to let him keep the office on any terms. If the bluff don't work"—she smiled a little thoughtfully—"well, there's no use hunting for the last ditch until you come to it."

Both of them, in fact, had courage, but it was not of the blind, feather-headed kind. They realized the gravity of the situation, and faced it soberly. Indeed, that evening Emma examined the three diamonds in which she had thriftily invested her pin money. If it came to that the jewels would pay their boardbills for some time. Pound got out an old get-rich-quick circular and glanced it over. That was a line in which a man with practically no capital could always try for a fresh start—although, if the post-office authorities happened to find it out it might land him in the penitentiary.

He went downtown rather early next morning the eighth of May. Entering the office, his eye took in its familiar face, and his heart grew quite heavy. This place was, after all, peculiarly his own; the vantage ground to which he had pulled himself up out of the ruck of things. Possibly this was the last day he would enter it as master. The thought was painful. Nevertheless, he prepared coolly for the day's business. Hamilton was already in Wyandotte—where his bluff would either disconcert the enemy or blow up the fort, it was hard to tell which. And that long-awaited turn in the market might come this very day.

The first bit of business was unpromising. Mr. Lansing telephoned over an order to buy two hundred shares more of Northern Pacific at the opening of the market. Making a memorandum of the trade, Pound swore under his breath at the formal little man.

But more cheering developments awaited him. The market, indeed, soon turned decidedly weak. One stock after another declined, and as the quotations sank a good many of the country bulls were wiped out, or else had to rush in fresh money by wire to keep their margins good. And this sudden weakness of the market helped on Hamilton's bluff, which was, indeed, completely successful.

So Pound went home in very good spirits. "If we can just get a few more days like today we'll be on Easy Street," he told Emma cheerfully. "Only," he added with a frown, "those blasted Lansing trades bleed us."

In respect to Lansing & Co. luck had signally flouted him. For, while almost every other stock on the list had declined, Northern Pacific had advanced. Thus, while Lansing's bears won on the fall of the general list, his bull won on the advance of Northern Pacific. "We ought to get that Northern Pacific fellow tomorrow," Pound commented.

But the morrow brought such a stock market as no man had ever seen. While the price of all other stocks melted like butter, Northern Pacific rose in great leaps. Every one soon knew the explanation. Northern Pacific was cornered. Two factions, backed by hundreds of millions of dollars, were fighting tooth and nail for it. And this untoward battle of the giants plunged the market into chaos.

Watching the panic sweep through the list like fire in stubble, Pound raged helplessly. True, this tremendous smash was wiping out all his tall-grass bulls by wholesale. All their stakes and winnings were tumbling into the profit account of the bucketshop in a lump. But this furious panic, Pound thought, would kill the game, frightening everybody so there would be no getting them back into the market. He was in the position of a man who wanted a breeze and got a hurricane.

But this was by no means the worst. Lansing's bear traders were "short" with him some three thousand shares of various stocks. Every instant piled up their gains and his losses on those short trades. All that he was winning from his country bulls was flowing automatically to the pockets of Lansing's bears. And Lansing's one bull was long a thousand shares of Northern Pacific which had just sold at the ridiculous price of two hundred and fifty dollars a share! Pound's losses on that Northern Pacific alone would ruin him.

To be ruined twice over by or through a mincing little snob; a pet sheep with a shaved chin!

In helpless rage, half fascinated, he watched the blackboard. Stocks fell and fell, as though there were no bottom to the market; but Northern Pacific climbed. Quotations came so fast that the blackboard man, holding a telegraph instrument with a pliable wire in his left hand, even with his shoulder, trotted up and down like an uneasy dog, and still could not ply his chalk rapidly enough. Under the column headed NP he chalked "500."

"What's that? What's that?" Pound called.

The man threw a half-frightened glance over his shoulder, as though the panic of the market infected him, and called back: "Yes, sir; that's right; five hundred for Northern Pacific!"

Pound almost laughed. It was simply ridiculous! A roaring farce! And, some way, this gleam of humor brought an amusing idea with it. An instant afterward it struck him as strange that he had not heard from Mr. Lansing that morning. At nearly the same time an office-boy slipped up to tell him that the private 'phone in his room was ringing. Striding to his desk, Pound reflected sardonically that it would be exactly like Mr. Lansing to get downtown late on this day of all days. Composing the muscles of his face he took up the receiver. Except for the Boston accent he would hardly have recognized the agitated voice that came over the wire. Evidently, Mr. Lansing's nerves were in a sad state of excitement.

"Pound! Pound! Say, I want Mr. Pound! Can't you understand anything? Oh, say, Pound? Is that you, Pound? I've been trying to get you." So the voice continued to clamor.

"This is Pound, Mr. Lansing; I'm listening; go ahead," said the bucketshop man coolly.

"Say, Pound. See here. Now, listen. Our account, you know; our account. Pound, I want every trade in that account closed out immediately—at the market. Do you understand?"

"I understand, Mr. Lansing," Pound replied. "Close every trade in the account immediately."

"At the market. You understand? And, say, Pound, we must get together immediately. We must have a settlement, you and I. Do you understand?"

"I'll have a statement of the account made up as soon as possible, Mr. Lansing," said Pound, "and send it right over to you."

"Very well, Pound. At once. You understand? We must have a settlement."

Going to the blackboard, Pound took down the latest quotations on the various stocks in Mr. Lansing's account. Then he got out the little red memorandum book and figured up the gains—that is, the difference between the last quotations and the prices at which Mr. Lansing had bought or sold. He handed his figures to a bookkeeper, who, from them, would draw up a statement of the account in due form. Next, he sent a messenger with a note to Emma.

Twice before noon Mr. Lansing called him up, clamoring for the statement. Pound apologized; it was an exceedingly busy day; his clerks were overwhelmed; the bookkeeper would make up the statement very soon; he would send it over the moment it was ready.

But when the statement was prepared he put it in his desk and instructed the office-boy that if Mr. Lansing called up he was to be told Mr. Pound had stepped out.

There were plenty of other things to occupy his attention. Before noon Northern Pacific had sold at the monstrous price of one thousand dollars a share, while other big stocks had fallen ten, twenty, thirty, even forty dollars

(Continued on Page 38)

It Was Not Strictly Ethical for a "Regular" House to Have Dealings With a Bucketshop

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 30, 1909

Mutton From Montevideo

SOME American business men recently visited Uruguay to get information relative to the shipping of beef and mutton, in cold storage, from Montevideo to New York. On the basis of present high prices for meats in this country and of going rates for ocean carriage and insurance, they think, it is said, that a profitable trade in that line might be built up.

Of beef and its products and pork and its products we exported less in the five-year period 1901-1905 than in the five-year period 1896-1900. In the three years 1906, 1907 and 1908 we exported less by three-quarters of a billion pounds than in the three years 1898, 1899 and 1900. Of the last wheat crop we exported only seventeen per cent, against forty-one per cent in 1894; of the last corn less than two per cent against eleven per cent in 1898. To such facts Mr. Hill and others point with alarm.

We hear of an ambitious banking scheme to extend our trade with South America and of many other plans looking to the same end. But, broadly speaking, we can't extend our trade on one side only. In a large way, if we are going to get South America to buy much more of us we must buy much more of her. As a general proposition, an importing scheme is as profitable as an exporting scheme. If we produce a big surplus of grain and meat we must sell that surplus in Europe at a price low enough to meet whatever competition South America is able to offer.

We don't think our farmers would be any worse off if they could sell their whole product in the opulent home market, and even had to meet a little of that same South American competition at home, where they would have the benefit of the freight, instead of having to meet it over in Europe. Even should that Montevideo mutton materialize it need alarm nobody.

A Lesson for Retailers

IN JUNE, 1906, a large mail-order house was reorganized. The concern's total assets were valued at ten million dollars. It issued preferred stock to that amount, and common stock, representing good-will, to the amount of thirty millions.

To appraise the good-will of a merchandising concern—which, in the nature of the case, could have no monopolistic advantages—at three dollars for every dollar of its tangible assets seemed rather excessive. As a matter of fact, the common stock sold as low as twenty dollars a share. But for some time it has been steadily rising and it now sells at one hundred and twenty dollars a share. A syndicate of shrewd capitalists, intimately acquainted with the business, is said to have bought a large block of it at a high figure. At current quotations, then, this concern's mere good-will is valued at thirty-six million dollars. Moreover, this house was founded not many years ago by men of small means, and the tangible assets of ten millions at the time of reorganization were composed very largely of accumulated profits. So we have a total value of about forty-five million dollars created or built up within a comparatively few years in the business of selling, at retail, groceries, drygoods, furniture and so on to farmers or villagers.

Now, that is a business in which several hundred thousand citizens of the United States are engaged. In the main they make only a very modest profit. As the business is usually pursued, it is one of the last which a judicious person would select as a means of making a big fortune in a few years. Our mail-order house, of course, buys the commodities that it handles in big lots for cash; a good many of them it manufactures itself; and it sells for cash. It has, in short, a comprehensive organization that controls the business for all practical purposes from factory to consumer. A like organization is by no means beyond the reach of other retailers, if they will get together. We wish every country merchant would contemplate that thirty-six millions as an object-lesson of what might be accomplished by coöperative organization of the retail trade on a large scale.

The Machine-Made House

AT LAST a man has invented a house. In this alluring domicile the coal will feed itself automatically into the furnace, without a particle of dust. The garbage will fairly remove itself in a germ-proof manner. It will be unnecessary for the iceman to step inside, and the sweeping will be done with a hose. Among other tempting improvements is a glass sun-parlor on the roof.

That sounds expensive. But the house is to be a machine product, so it will cost only twelve hundred dollars, laid down. The dazzling advantages and low cost are to be obtained by casting the houses of concrete by the hundred gross. Thus, no doubt, everybody's house would be just like everybody else's, or at least like every other house of the same cost. There would be no worrying with the architect to get one's individual tastes expressed. To procure a dwelling a man would simply order one of the twelve-hundred-dollar or twenty-five-hundred-dollar sizes.

It is really a great idea. Nearly everything else is done that way. We know how much better and cheaper shoes, watches, nails, rubbers, pianos and so on are because they are turned out by machinery in standard shapes and sizes and in enormous quantities. Of course, there is the stock objection that machine-made houses will further destroy individualism, making people all just alike. That objection is leveled against all machine production; but we don't think it holds good. On the contrary, we shouldn't be at all surprised if the people who objected most strongly to machine houses, as destructive of individualism, would be exactly the people who like best to have their ideas all in the standard shapes and sizes.

The Floodgates of Freedom

WHOEVER has enjoyed the very rare privilege of reading the Senate proceedings in the late extraordinary session must understand how little the rules of the upper house should be a model for that reformation of the lower house which the country earnestly desires.

The Senate's vaunted "freedom of debate" is mostly a blanket license for twaddle. Time after time, while the tariff bill was under consideration, the Senate proceedings degenerated into a mere old ladies' quilting bee. An honorable member with a conversational maggot in his brain might interrupt and distort the delivery of a carefully prepared set speech by interposing questions or offhand observations of the most trivial character. More than once shabby little verbal quibbles, that would have made a police-court advocate blush, were spun at length through the record of one of the most important parliamentary deliberations of recent times. Instead of looking up a particular point, an easier way was to arise and ask some other Senator to explain it.

Freedom of debate really means liberty to be as lazy, inconsequential and verbose as one likes. About half the time, we venture to say, the particular point debated was obscured rather than clarified by this free and easy process; and whatever clarification did result was gained at a tremendous expense of time. A time limit upon speeches and a restriction of the cross examination to such questions as a committee of the opposition judged really important would have enabled the Senate to bring out every essential detail in half or a third as many words.

Peace and Pugnacity

LAST summer there were big riots in Spain because the Government was sending fifty or sixty thousand young men over to Africa to fight the Moors. A little while ago, if we may trust the censored dispatches, there were big bonfires because the troops had won a victory.

Pepys describes with feeling a lamentable scene at the official kidnaping of some men for the British navy. He was especially moved by the tears and distraction of the poor victims' wives. A few pages farther on he describes, with patriotic satisfaction, how a number of simple sailors—who probably had been impressed into the navy—begged to be permitted to throw away their lives in an attempt to avenge the death of their commander.

Such things help one to understand why the peace movement moves so deliberately. If you can get the gun into the man's hand, even though you may have to knock him over the head to do it, he will at once begin to anticipate the surpassing joy of helping to lick somebody with it. Sometimes we wouldn't trust a Lake Mohonk Peace Conference with a consignment of red and blue uniforms and a wagon-load of muskets. The pious *confrères* would begin to dream of victories and bonfires.

Where is Our Playful Spirit?

THIS year's class rushes are over, with an agreeably low rate of mortality, and the outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm incident to the closing of the baseball season have passed off without any important conflagration.

That, in a commercialized race, persons of adult stature soon lose the spirit of play has often been alleged with regret. Probably it is true. Upon investigation it will be found, all too often, that when one grown American waylays, despoils and assaults another it is from a purely sordid motive, and not at all in the happy, irresponsible exuberance of the freshman and the sophomore.

Outside of college life, the nearest approach to the lively phenomena of the class rush will be found at the climacteric moment of a strike, when the animus, we fear, is entirely different. With age, we grow sad and peevish. To be lowered out of a second-story window in pajamas and thrown into a cold horsetrough strikes no responding chord of gleeful frolic in our gloomy breasts, but rather evokes harsh thoughts of homicide. A merry poke in the eye no longer stirs our stiffened risibles.

That we do soon lose the playful spirit is regrettable, but is not without its compensation. If we kept it in full collegiate vigor the charge upon the community for maintaining adequate police departments would be ruinous.

The New Trust Idea

FOLLOWING Kansas' lead a number of Western states have recently passed laws requiring fire-insurance companies to file their rate schedules, forbidding them to depart from the published rates, and authorizing the state board, or commissioner, to change a rate that is judged, upon hearing, to be unreasonable.

This, it may be said, is the new thought concerning trusts. Nearly all Western states and many Eastern ones have for years had laws forbidding fire-insurance companies to combine for the purpose of fixing and maintaining rates. That was the old thought. Its general futility is sufficiently illustrated by the fact that fire-insurance companies kept right on combining to fix rates—for that is the only intelligent way of conducting the business. Even in Kansas, we believe, there is still an anti-combine law, side by side with the new law—just as the national statute-book still contains the contradictory absurdity of one law commanding railroads to compete and another law authorizing the Government to regulate their rates. In one state that has adopted the Kansas plan of state regulation, anti-trust suits are still pending against fire-insurance companies in which the maximum aggregate fines would amount to two hundred million dollars—the state at once attempting to establish uniform rates and to punish the companies for trying to do the same thing.

This same contradiction between the old idea of trying to prevent combination and the new idea of trying to regulate it appears elsewhere. But in time the new idea will gain the day because it is the right one.

Working Your Own Farm

THAT urban communities gain in population faster than rural ones is well known. That the country boy often elects to seek his fortune in the city—about the time, perhaps, that his father decides to leave the farm and move to town—is a matter of common experience.

It is a rather plausible inference that the economic character of the actual tillers of the soil, especially in the Middle West, is undergoing a radical change; that the ground is worked in a markedly increasing degree by non-proprietors. But we have never yet seen any satisfactory proof of that inference. The relative number of tenant farmers has increased somewhat. But, at the last census, seventy-eight per cent of the leased farms were owned by men living in the same county; moreover, the tenant farmers were largely young men, the proportion of tenants notably decreasing among the middle-aged. This doubtless means, simply, that it takes the young farmer a little longer to get title to his land than it did when much Government land was open to settlement. It does not necessarily mean a radical change in his economic status.

There may be a "wholesale removal of the farming classes to the cities," as one writer recently alleged; but we have nowhere seen it alleged that the unremoved farming classes were not quite numerous enough to carry on the farms. If all the farmers are moving to town, who is husking all this corn? Possibly father moved to town, two sons went to the city, and a son-in-law took over the farm upon a lease until he could accumulate sufficient capital to buy it. One of the most interesting disclosures of the new census will bear upon this question. We shall wait for the figures before getting excited.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Plain Uncle Jud

WHEN casting about for a plain man of the people, or a man of the plain people—one or both—do not overlook the fact that Uncle Judson Harmon, Governor of Ohio, has rings on his fingers and bells on his toes.

Uncle Jud is there with the goods, as the saying goes. No matter how plain the people may be, Uncle Jud is just as plain as any of them, and, at times, a blamed sight plainer. It is his specialty. If, so be, he had been a farmer when they made him governor, instead of a hefty lawyer down in Cincinnati, he would have been the grandest rube performer of the present day; but, as he was a lawyer instead of a farmer, he takes it out in being plain—plainer than an old shoe, after a manner of speaking.

Uncle Jud, you know, is one of our leading candidates for the Democratic nomination for President next time. Judging by events from 1896 and along down to last fall, it isn't just clear why anybody should aspire to be a Democratic candidate for President. However, probably it is a fair aspiration, at that, taking the doctrine of chances into consideration—they might put one over—and Uncle Jud is aspiring with every respiration. Moreover, he is in a mighty good place, for he cleaned up in Ohio all right, and Bryan ought to be for him, inasmuch as he was for Bryan every time—except in 1896. Besides, he hustled right back into the fold after he strayed out that time, so it doesn't count much, Mr. Bryan being mellowed with the years and of a forgiving spirit.

If you should see Uncle Jud going out to his country home some day you would catch my meaning about this plain-people business. Generally, he shows up for the afternoon train with his beefsteak, or his roast, his tomatoes, his cantaloups and such other things as he was told to get for dinner, packed in his arms. He gets into the smoker and talks with the boys all the way out, totes the stuff home and, like as not, helps fix it for the table.

Now that he is up in Columbus the social arbiters of that capital are peevish. They say Uncle Jud cares nothing for society; and doesn't give a hang whether the salad is served with the soup or before it—although, of course, neither of these things is ever done, Mrs. Harmon being a most charming, delightful and accomplished hostess. It's Uncle Jud's manner that gets them. He is genial and kindly and courteous and all that, but he is plain. No frills for him; not on your *pâté de foies gras*, with a campaign for that nomination coming along, not to mention the added little trick of getting elected Governor again.

Uncle Jud is a big, rangy, raw-boned man, kind of angular and spready; and he's as hard as nails. He could take the Honorable William H. Taft out and give him a stroke a hole at golf and land at the eighteenth green with the President so far behind they'd have to send Archie Butt out to tow him in. He rides a horse as if he were part of it, and, until five or six years ago, whenever he could find a ball game he could get into, he peeled off coat and collar and went to it. He'd like to do it now; but, as he says himself, it doesn't look just right to see his gray head bobbing around at third base when the rest of the nine are kids, so he reluctantly cut it out. And he used to kill the ball, too—lay it up against the centerfield fence and gallop around like a Ty Cobb.

PHOTO. BY BAKER ART GALLERY, COLUMBUS, OHIO

He Used to Gallop Around Like a Ty Cobb

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Jacking Up the Santa Fe

THEY had an inauguration in Washington last March, a spectacular affair, but a slushy one. So far as weather went it was the extreme and furthermost limit, the ninetieth degree, as it were; and a lot of Governors who were there to ride ahead of their state troops quietly ducked and took theirs in carriages. Not all, of course, and one of the not all was Harmon, who boarded a horse and toiled those troops of his up Pennsylvania Avenue in a way that was the cynosure of all eyes—that is, all eyes that were not full of snow.

He is a big, two-fisted person, is Uncle Jud, with a head as full of knowledge as the average head can get without needing hoops. Cleveland made him Attorney-General in 1895 and he finished out the term, retiring on March 6, 1897, when Mr. McKinley's Attorney-General appeared. Before that he had been a judge of the Common Pleas Court and judge of the Superior Court in Cincinnati, a bench on which President Taft and Senator Foraker also sat. Before he was judge, and after he returned from Washington, Uncle Jud had a reputation of being a great consulting lawyer, which he was. He knew the law, and he told the other lawyers what it was and how to apply it, thereby raking in fat and fancy fees, although not appearing much in court. A time ago President Roosevelt appointed Uncle Jud and Frederick N. Judson, of St. Louis, as special investigators in the Santa Fe railroad rebating muss. They decided it wouldn't hurt Paul Morton, bosom friend of T. R.'s, to be jacked up a bit for it—Paul having been a Santa Fe dignitary before he illuminated the Navy Department. T. R. couldn't see it the way Uncle Jud and Judson saw it, and they quit, first putting down on paper and passing out to the press a few sprightly remarks about T. R. that caused that gentleman to explode regularly every four minutes like a new-scheduled Old Faithful geyser.

Well, Tom Johnson thought he would name the candidate for Governor—the Democratic candidate, that is—and Uncle Jud hopped in and said him nay. Uncle Jud grabbed it for himself, grabbed it and then riveted and cinched it by getting elected. When he got to Columbus he found himself in a most pleasant position. The legislature was Republican and Uncle Jud had no responsibilities in that direction. He could recommend all kinds of plain and fancy legislation to the legislature, knowing the legislature would throw his recommendations on the floor. Then he could inform the people in clarion tones that he urged these reforms, but the scoundrelly Republican majority would not give them to him and the people. That, therefore, it was up to the people to send him a Democratic legislature, and then he would fill the statute books with reform measures until they were jammed to the covers. As it was, of course, the people could plainly see that he, Uncle Jud, wasn't at fault. The way he did excoriate that Republican majority was a caution.

Since he has been governor Uncle Jud has interested himself in the state institutions. Ohio has state institutions so numerous that any village or city that has not a couple sitting up on the hills, just outside of the limits, certainly has been represented by a lazy lot of legislators. The state is strewn with them. Uncle Jud got to prying around and found a lot of things that were wrong. He jumped in and began straightening things out, cutting down commissions, removing superintendents, scaring others into correctness and all the time working out some plans of his own.

He went up to the Boys' Reform School at Lancaster, where the bad boys are sent, and looked it over. The boys had been made to feel they were everlastingly no good, and tried to make it stick. "Now, here," said Uncle Jud; "you lads behave yourselves for a year and I'll let you all come down to the State Fair at Columbus." The boys behaved, but when it got out that Uncle Jud intended to take them to the fair there was a howl from the populace. It was pointed out that these naughty, naughty chaps would doubtless break for liberty as soon as they got away from the school, and that it was a shame to scatter them about that way after the state had gone to all the expense of cooping them up. Uncle Jud grinned and brought his boys to the fair. They all wore uniforms, for there is military training at the school, and they paraded and drilled around those grounds during that fair. Every one of the lads was intent on making a good showing for the Governor and not one of them tried to get away; and the people cheered them until they were hoarse, Uncle Jud putting out a chuckling "Told you so," ever and anon. Mrs. Harmon helps him in his work, and they are doing a lot of good.

Uncle Jud puts on no lugs in the State House. If you want to see him, walk in. He has a private office, but he generally goes to the big room and talks out loud to his visitors, no matter what the proposition may be, or how many there are to hear. He's plain, you know, but quite capable of finding his way about. Also, he has some small knowledge of politics, and plays the game his own way. That way, it may be remarked, isn't losing him any votes or any friends. And, presently, he will begin speaking a bit. Whereupon, the plain people will observe that Uncle Jud, being plain with them, is also about as clear-thinking, level-headed, able and honest a citizen as they have.

As it Feels on the Brake-Beam

A NEW YORK workingman, out of a job, was in Buffalo, trying to devise ways and means for getting home. He hung around the railroad yards and scraped an acquaintance with some professional train-jumpers.

After he was in their confidence he told his troubles. "Huh!" said one of the professionals, "it's easy enough. I'm going east tonight. Stay by me and I'll show you how to get on a brake-beam and we can get to Utica before morning." The workingman stayed. Presently a train came slowly through the yards, and the professional shoved the workingman on the beam and got on himself.

The train gathered speed. Down by Batavia there was a ripping, roaring sound, and the workingman, hanging on with his teeth and toenails, was drenched.

"What was that?" he chattered.

"Nothin'," replied the professional. "They was only takin' on water."

"Well, pal," said the workingman pleadingly, "put me wise when they are ready to take on coal, will you?"

A Sweet Moment

CY WARMAN'S young son had been naughty and had been sent to bed supperless.

Presently, when Mrs. Warman wasn't looking, Cy slipped upstairs and whispered through the door of the boy's room: "Son, could you eat some honey in the comb?"

"Dad," the boy said, "I could eat it in the brush."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Henry Armstrong, editorial writer on the New York Sun, climbs every mountain he sees, and he has seen a lot of them.

¶ Among his other jobs, President Taft is president of the American Red Cross, and the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

¶ Arthur Francis Evans, who looks out for the legal end of Swift & Co., the Chicago packers, was a crack second baseman in his college days.

¶ Clifton Crawford, the English comedian, is proud because he can recite every line of poetry Kipling ever wrote. His friends are not proud of it.

¶ Frank I. Cobb, chief editorial writer of the New York World and held by many to have the most trenchant editorial style in America, began as a proofreader in Michigan.

¶ Fred Thompson, the Luna Park man, thinks his luck is due to an elephant and his first show, The Trip to the Moon, and he never does anything, from scenery to spectacle, that does not have an elephant and the moon in it.

The Cable Company, Chicago

INNER-PLA

(The title adopted to describe exclusively the player action manufactured only by The Cable Com.ny

IF you are a lover of music you will appreciate our /INNER-PLAYER Pianos.

Sooner or later you will want one of these instruments, for you must realize how much enjoyment can be obtained from a piano with which anyone can play the best compositions without study or practice.

There are various other makes of player-pianos from which you might choose, but you should not accept an instrument simply because it has a player device.

You can sound musical notes with any piano of this kind, but you will be satisfied only with one from which you obtain results like those produced by the manual playing of the skilled pianist. You want, not mechanical effects, but ***natural expression,*** and that is why we say that one of our /INNER-PLAYER Pianos will please you best.

With our /INNER-PLAYER we have solved, completely, the problem of obtaining human interpretation by means of a player mechanism. This important fact you can readily prove for yourself, by playing any selection on an /INNER-PLAYER Piano.

Try one of these instruments and see how perfectly the /INNER-PLAYER enables you to control the expression of even the most difficult compositions.

The pleasing results you secure are made possible by patented features of the /INNER-PLAYER which are not found in any other player device; and it is these features which have given the /INNER-PLAYER Pianos their supremacy as instruments of ***correct musical expression.*** But do not stop when you have simply compared other player de.c with the /INNER-PLAYER.

Consider the matter of ***construction,*** for you want an instru.e which will give ***permanent*** service. Bear in mind this impo.a fact—that because anyone can operate it, an instrument of th player type is always used much oftener than an ordinary piano, and should be made with much greater strength throughout than is necessary for an instrument designed for hand playing alone.

Therefore do not choose one which is simply an ordinary piano in which a player device has been inserted.

The /INNER-PLAYER Pianos are built with a solidity that assures lasting service under the most severe conditions of usage. They are made for their special purpose. There is no makeshift construction, no attempt to save money at the expense of efficiency in these instruments. All this you will see if you only examine them.

Then, also, every part that enters into the production of the /INNER-PLAYER Pianos is made in our own factory. That means uniformity—a quality hardly to be obtained when parts are bought from makers here and there, accordin the custom of many manufacturers of player-pianos.

Next, satisfy yourself that the instrument you buy is the wo ***specialists.*** To produce instruments like the /INNER-PLAYER P n requires more than the ability of the piano maker alone, for in al ing them conditions are met which never occur in the produ ic of the ordinary piano.

Our chief inventor, under whose direction they are made ar

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is the name which b on /INNER-PLAYER P o containing the /IN Remember, th fo erly be applied t my made by us.

Look for the t e *The Cable Compa y*

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Made with the pl either the single n Made in all wo ls . Special art desi s

How the Patented Fe

TO use an /INNER-PLAYER Piano you simply insert a music roll, then operate the pedals and move three little levers.

You release the pedals from the interior of the case, and when you have finished you return them to it by a slight movement of the foot. You neither soil nor pinch your fingers in manipulating them. When you set the pedals in motion they rise and fall so easily that you can play for hours without fatigue.

Your wrists do not tire for they are supported by the ***Wrist-Rest*** at the points where fatigue comes when you use the ordinary instrument. This Wrist-Rest is adjustable so that it accommodates both adults and children; and when the piano is not in use, it completely covers the levers, giving the front the same appearance as that of other pianos.

If your music roll has swollen or shrunk from atmospheric effects, you turn, with your finger, the little knurled wheel which operates the ***Transposing Device,*** and the difficulty is immediately removed. The same simple operation makes a change from one key into any other in which you may wish to play, or raises or lowers the key as you desire.

When you play, you immediately notice the natural "touch" when the player mechanism transmits the impulses to the piano strings. That is due to the ***Miniature Keyboard*** which is placed inside of the piano case, and gives the same elasticity of touch that is obtained from the impact of the fingers on the keys in manual playing.

Do you want to play the solo louder than the accompaniment?

Use e. you at ce

If are pl ng take t w tition ar device

Not guide a "time

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The Cable Co

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YER

The Cable Company. Chicago

is assistants, began their investigations even before the days of the binet piano player. From that time they have been engaged in orking out the great possibilities in player-piano design and con-ruction with every facility at hand that modern methods have eveloped and that ample capital can provide.

AYER

ayer mechanism alone.
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YER and the name of
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PLAYER **Pianos**

? Piano
R Piano
AYER Piano
NNER-PLAYER Piano

65-note scale, or with
single 65-note scale.
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ds.

You find the results in this remarkable mechanism—the *INNER-PLAYER*—and when you buy an *INNER-PLAYER* Piano you receive the benefit of the expert knowledge which these men have applied in the production of the superior instruments we offer.

Finally, investigate the ***record of service.*** Inquire regarding the ***purposes, methods, facilities*** and ***reputation*** of the makers. Buy an instrument that has been tested, and be sure that there is ample responsibility to guarantee its merit.

The musical and constructive superiority of the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos is proved by the service they have given for years. They are not untried, experimental instruments. The experimenting was done before the public was asked to buy, and no *INNER-PLAYER* Piano leaves our factory until it has passed examination and tests more rigid than any purchaser would ever put upon it. Before we sell one of these instruments we know that it will fulfill every claim.

These are facts which should have your best consideration when you are vestigating the various player-pianos which will be offered you.

We have worked for years perfecting our *INNER-PLAYER* instruments to ure satisfaction to every buyer, and we ask you to examine them closely, test them thoroughly, and to compare them fairly with any and all others.

We request that you do this because the *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos themselves e the best evidence of their superiority that can be offered.

It is to your interest to see and to try them.

VALLELY

res of the *INNER-PLAYER* Give You Control of Effects

By pressing a small tablet with your little finger, ne desired effect.

stop the motion of the piano keys while you ne ***Keylock*** forward. By this means you also ne keys from the action and obtain better repe-ire in player-pianos not provided with such a

mpo Indicator is in direct line of vision. The stantly before your eyes, and you govern the nsciously.

pression You control the expression by vary-ing the speed with which you operate movement of the levers.

ever allows the vibration of the strings to be gives you a means for obtaining many beautiful

Lever you are enabled to accent as your taste usic requires.

by moving the ***Tempo Lever*** to right or left, and follow the tempo numbers marked on the music own interpretation of any composition.

pany, Chicago

and Jackson Boulevard

Accessible Mechanism When it is necessary to tune the piano, the player mechanism swings out, giving access to every string and pin. It is as simple a matter as with any ordinary instrument.

Play By Hand If You Wish Remember that you can play these instruments by hand as well as with the *INNER-PLAYER* device. They have every feature of other pianos, with the extra advantage of the player mechanism.

Scale We were the first to market instruments with the standard "nine to the inch" 88-note scale. So successful did it prove that at a convention of player-piano manufacturers in 1908 this scale was unanimously adopted for the 88-note range.

The *INNER-PLAYER* Pianos are made with the combination 88 and 65-note scales, or with the 88 or the 65-note scale alone.

You can use rolls of either the "pin" or "pinless" kind.

Our 5-Years' Guarantee When you buy an *INNER-PLAYER* Piano you will get our written warranty for five years on both the piano and the player mechanism. Consider the absolute assurance of satisfaction given not only by our method of construction but also by this guarantee. Unless we knew that the instrument was perfect before we shipped it we could not afford to give you this warranty, because the responsibility for quality of material and workmanship rests upon us—the ***makers***—not upon the dealer from whom you buy.

Is it not good judgment to purchase an *INNER-PLAYER* Piano rather than one of the player-pianos with which you receive no guarantee or only a short term warranty on the player mechanism?

You are absolutely sure of satisfaction with an *INNER-PLAYER*—sure of its musical merit—sure of its permanence.

THINK of having one of these instruments in your [illegible] and being able to select at will from the entire list of musical works, knowing that you can play any of them, at once, with the most pleasing interpretation.

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Is it not worth your while at least to investigate the [illegible] *PLAYER* Pianos?

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Send for Our Catalog If you will sign and mail the coupon below to us we will send a beautiful illustrated catalog fully descriptive of these instruments.

The Cable Company, Chicago:

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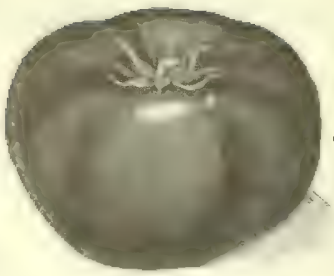

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Pick sound, red-ripe tomatoes, grown under special supervision, in localities where soil and climatic conditions combine to produce the most luscious, perfect fruit—

Cook such tomatoes the same day picked from the vines, by a

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Clean, sanitary, "Kitchen-factory" by methods perfected through the experience of a lifetime. Season with the necessary ingredients, including seven specially imported and ground spices, that give a

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A blending of the tomato with the spicy seasoning that is distinctly "Snider Flavour," and you have "Catsup Perfection."

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Let a bottle from Grocer tell its own tale—

Perfect Materials
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Snider Chili Sauce Snider Oyster Cocktail Sauce and Snider Salad Dressing complete a quartet. The world's most appetizing relishes—all made the Snider way.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

YOUR SAVINGS

Yields in Different Localities

A MAN once walked into the office of a New York investment banker and asked what yield he could get on an investment of three thousand dollars in bonds.

"Of course, it all depends upon what kind of bond you buy," answered the banker. "But I should say it would average from four to five per cent."

The man seemed surprised, for he said: "In the West, where I come from, money never brings less than six per cent."

This little incident represents a very common occurrence. People who live in one section of the country and who are accustomed to a certain return on their money make the mistake of expecting a similar yield elsewhere, quite forgetting the very important fact that yield varies with locality. If they have lived or worked in a region where returns on investments are comparatively high, and move to a place where they are lower, they are apt to invest in unstable securities simply because the question of yield appeals to them more than safety of principal. The investor must always remember that money, like a human being or a commodity, earns more in the places where it is in most demand, and will usually fare better where it can be watched.

Investment yields have developed with the country. It has not been so very long since the average conservative American investor insisted upon buying Government bonds and was satisfied with a return of three per cent on his money. As the premium on these bonds grew, due to the demand for them by national banks which use them as a basis for circulation, the investor had to take two per cent or look for some other gilt-edge security. He bought the first mortgage bonds of the standard railroad systems. This raised his yield to four per cent, which is also the yield from good municipal bonds. Then the development of our public utility service afforded a new medium for the employment of money and, being less firmly established than the railroads, brought the yield in most instances up to five per cent and even higher. The question arises, should the investor who lives remote from the long-established investment centers be satisfied with this return when, by employing his money locally, he could receive more? Let us see just what the various localities afford.

At the very outset one general principle may be laid down which applies to every locality. It is this: as a rule, the higher the yield the greater the risk. The only exceptions, perhaps, to this are to be found in certain lines of mercantile business. Another large fact that holds good everywhere is that the ownership of money employed should be carefully considered. No chances should be taken with a woman's savings or a child's inheritance.

Bankers More Conservative

The stronghold of conservative investment has been in the East; but today money can be quite as safely invested in the West. Money is more plentiful in the East than in any other section of the country. Hence, it follows that the yields on investment are lower there. One pretty good index of the yields of a region is to be found in the rate of interest that savings-banks pay. In New York and elsewhere in the East, where the legal safeguards about these institutions are more rigorous than elsewhere, the rate has averaged four per cent. Lately a movement has been inaugurated by the Superintendent of Banks in New York State favoring a reduction to three and a half per cent. Cautious investors follow the lead taken by these savings-banks in their investments, and the result is that the yield for the whole section is low. Many investors follow as a model the investments of trustees, which are practically the same as those of savings-banks, and include chiefly mortgage bonds and real-estate mortgages. Another reason why the average Eastern investor gets only from four to five per cent is that he often invests in properties that have demonstrated their earning power over a long period of years. This could not happen in other sections where commercial development is more recent. The bonds of seasoned corporations are high and the return on them correspondingly low. Many Eastern investors have found to their sorrow that, when they go out of their home country and invade other regions, following the lure of high yields, they sometimes lose because they know nothing of the country or the properties in which their money is placed. Their experience simply proves a time-worn investment fact that lack of investigation usually means loss of money.

Hence it is clear that, because he is so close to the center of conservative investment, because the opportunities for investment about him are old and tried, and principally because money in the East is abundant, the Eastern investor must be content with a yield ranging from four to five per cent. This applies to bonds and mortgages. Of course, he may have one of those very rare "ground-floor" business opportunities that may pay a good deal more than five per cent, but they seldom happen, and never come the way of the average investor, regardless of what the stock promoters tell him. This average conservative Eastern yield seems small alongside the fifteen per cent that the late H. O. Havemeyer, the sugar king, said must be the yield on any investment of his. The get-rich-quick sharks use his rule to good advantage in roping in savings. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Havemeyer had exceptional opportunities to get in on enterprises that paid fifteen per cent, and besides, he could afford to take the chance that they would not pay this rate, or even that they would pay nothing at all. Furthermore, the corporations that paid him fifteen per cent were those in which he was actively interested, in which he was an officer or a director; and he got inside information about them that the average man could never get.

Chances for Western Investors

When you turn to the West, however, you are confronted with somewhat different conditions. The West is newer; money is scarcer and, therefore, commands a higher rate of interest. Western men are willing to take longer chances. Also, it is often much safer for the Western man to take these chances on Western investments than it would be for the Eastern man, for the Western man is nearer to his money and, therefore, can keep a closer watch over it. The Eastern investor is inclined to let his money do all the work; the Western man often works with his money and counts on his own energy to swell the return. As a result of all of these conditions the general yield on invested money is higher than in the East. It averages not less than six per cent.

In considering Western investment yields you find this interesting difference: while Eastern money goes largely into the securities of well-established corporations or going concerns of some kind, much Western money goes into land or something that relates to land. Take the case of irrigation bonds, which often pay six per cent. These are a comparatively new form of investment. They are not so popular as railroad bonds. Until they make their way to popular favor in the East as well as the West, they will remain in the ranks of the bonds with high yields. This is true of a timber bond, which also pays six per cent. Here is a bond secured by a natural resource that is subject to impairment by fire.

The farm mortgage comes under the head of a typical Western investment, although the form is general throughout the whole country. For a time the choicest Western mortgages paid six per cent and more, but they are getting scarcer. The life insurance companies which make a specialty of this kind of investment are finding it difficult to get six per cent mortgages, and many now only obtain five and a half per cent. This is especially true of states like Illinois, Indiana, Missouri and Minnesota. The average return on farm mortgages is from five to six per cent, while some few small mortgages bring a little more.

Another reason why the West affords a higher yield than the East is that in the

The New 88 Note

ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO

YOUR winter evenings and the long winter days, your dances, parties, teas, at-homes—all forms of winter home events, are made doubly and trebly more enjoyable for yourself, your family and your guests if you have the ever ready source of pleasure and entertainment—the ***Angelus Player-Piano.*** Be sure to purchase an ***Angelus Player-Piano.*** For one reason, because only the ***Angelus*** is constructed with the

Diaphragm Pneumatics

These actuate the piano hammers as do the fingers of a pianist when they strike the keys. Since 1888 we have been using ***Diaphragm Pneumatics*** in the construction of our instruments and have yet to know of one bursting or wearing out. A public test in New York during several months showed that although the ***Diaphragm Pneumatics*** in the ***Angelus*** had been inflated and deflated over *seventy millions* of times, not one showed appreciable signs of wear. Besides being everlastingly durable—so different from the common bellows pneumatics, which are bound to wear out in the creases or folds if given any considerable service—they give a pliant, resilient touch like that of the human fingers. *No other Piano Player has the human touch of the Angelus.*

The *Knabe-Angelus, Emerson-Angelus* and *Angelus Player-Piano* in the United States. The *Gourlay-Angelus* and *Angelus Player-Piano* in Canada.

Write for our beautiful booklet and name of convenient dealer.

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Business established 1877

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Regent House Regent Street London

West much money is put out to work at home. A thrifty farmer lends a less successful neighbor money on his farm and charges six or seven per cent for it; a shrewd trader builds a store and rents it out so that it will yield him seven or eight per cent; a far-seeing drummer with a restricted territory stakes a small dealer with a stock of goods and gets big returns; or a school-teacher will run a summer amusement device with his winter savings, and make money.

The same sort of element enters into many Western industrial bonds. Because the companies have not definitely proved their earning power over a considerable period they must pay a higher rate of interest than old-established bonds. There is a fact in connection with some Western bonds that is of interest to every investor: They may yield more than a similar bond in the East and yet be just as stable. Take two issues with the same intrinsic value. One may yield five per cent because it is the bond of a Western traction company; while the other may yield four per cent and be the bond of a large Eastern gas company. Now, both bonds may offer the investor the same degree of security, yet the Western bond yields one per cent more. The reason is that the Eastern bond is known, it is in demand and, therefore, has a market, while the Western bond is not so well known. It has not the feature that the investment bankers call "a broad market." One of the problems of the investment bankers today is to find a bond with a reasonable market and yet a good yield. This is why they are turning to Western public utilities in such large numbers.

Yields in the South are about the same as in the West and are sometimes larger. This is due to the fact that new industrial enterprises must pay high rates for money. The exceptions are the bonds of some of the larger Southern cities. The smaller towns, however, like many Southern business enterprises, must pay good rates on their bonds. Hence, many of their village and township bonds are six per cent bonds. On the other hand, many Eastern village bonds are as low as four per cent.

Native shrewdness and the instinct for making money multiply know no section. Thus a man in Philadelphia may buy and rent out cottages to laborers and get nine per cent on his money, just as a Western crossroads David Harum may get twenty per cent out of shrewd horse trades. The fact remains, however, that behind all investment in any region the yield must always be subordinate to safety of principal; and it is in careful investigation only that the security of employed savings lies.

SOCIAL ENGINEERING FOR A CITY

(Concluded from Page 5)

For years property owners along Fifth Avenue, in New York City, encroached with grass plots, steps and balustrades on fifteen feet of the city's right-of-way either side of that thoroughfare. A city official took measures to get back this land and widen the avenue. At first the reform was met with vigorous opposition by the owners and had to go into court. By the time one suit was decided against the property owners, however, the latter had seen how their real interests lay in widening the avenue. They coöperated willingly then. Today Fifth Avenue is twenty feet wider. More traffic travels up and down. The remodeled shops are lighter and more modern, and merchants get shoppers right up to their windows. Rents and values are greatly enhanced.

In another city the retail merchants went to work through a commercial committee to re-route the street cars, so that shoppers could get downtown easier in the afternoon and for one fare. That met the opposition of street-car men at first. "What do dry-goods men know about running street cars?" they said scornfully. But with both interests coming together almost daily, and a broad plan for city improvement behind it all, the opposition soon died out. Today the cars run as was proposed by the merchants, and carry more passengers during shopping hours.

Once the committees are made up the Chamber of Commerce gives them working facilities suited to busy men. A permanent staff of about thirty people gathers data, keeps records and helps compile reports. Thus, committeemen are involved in no more routine than at their own offices, and can exercise the executive abilities that make them efficient in their own work. Committee reports ultimately come before the whole chamber at its monthly dinner and are voted upon.

This brings up another interesting phase of the work.

A business movement of this sort must have credit, just like any other business enterprise. Not money credit, however, but the good will, understanding and confidence of all classes in the city's population. At the outset, when plans are still unformed, there is bound to be much skepticism, and even suspicion. The public is skeptical of all reforms; for it has seen so many of them brought forward with a blare of brass and watched them fizzle. People, too, are suspicious of the business man's motives; for they have been taught by agitators that the so-called business class is against them, and they have no experience of that class in public life.

For example, the Committee on City Plan was singled out for distrust when the movement was new. The public knew nothing of its plan, for the committee hadn't shaped any as yet. So it was popularly assumed that buildings would be torn down and streets straightened and widened by a lot of beautifiers, with a big bill to pay. Boston had one experience of that sort when her great parkway system was laid out. Today her parks will compare with those of any city in the world, but she also has a net debt more than twice that of Chicago. The Committee on City Plan, however, is made up of eminently solid men. Only two of its six members are beautifiers—one a famous landscape specialist and the other an eminent architect. To balance these there are a labor leader, a social worker, a financier who knows the better side of municipal politics, and two business men who are trustees for invested money, with hard heads that see years and years into the future.

Credit, confidence and coöperation are necessary because so much depends on everybody in the city. Proper housing and health work, the prevention of labor wars and industrial accidents, and many other broad betterments, depend on the complete understanding and the willing help of everybody. So the movement has its machinery for obtaining publicity through its dinners, and a monthly journal, and frequent exhibitions which will show what the organization proposes to do if properly supported, what has been done already, what remains to be done, and what the cost in waste will be if some businesslike program is not followed in building and coördinating the city to meet the needs of growth. The first of these expositions was held last fall, the "Boston 1915 Exposition," which showed what the Hub might be made as early as six years from now by proper business management.

These shows and other publicity channels are counted upon to make the whole plan clear to everybody, and when that has been done it is expected that the political situation must adjust itself.

A Book of Facts About 6% Irrigation Bonds

We have written a book on Irrigation bonds, based on 15 years of experience. It is a conservative statement of the vital facts of which we have intimate knowledge.

It will give you a clear conception of these ideal securities, which are now the most popular bonds that we handle.

Every investor, small or large, owes to himself a knowledge of these facts. Please send for the book—it is free.

An Unbiased Book

We are very large dealers in all good classes of bonds—Municipal, Corporation and Public Utility. We can offer you the choice of scores of such issues, and we just as gladly supply them as we do Irrigation bonds. So our position is not at all biased.

But Irrigation bonds have in late years become the most popular bonds that we handle. They are becoming more popular as they become better known. The reasons mean much to every investor, and they are all told in this book.

71 Issues Sold

In the past 15 years we have sold 71 separate issues of Reclamation bonds—Drainage and Irrigation—without a dollar of loss to any investor. We are now the largest dealers in this class of bonds, so our book is based on ample experience.

We buy and sell *Entire Issues* of Reclamation bonds. Our own engineers and attorneys pass on every detail. An officer of our Company spends most of his time in the irrigated country, watching every project through to completion.

Being the largest dealers in Irrigation bonds, we have our pick of the issues. There are few projects of this kind, save Government projects, which we are not invited to finance. We are able, therefore, to supply our customers with the best of these securities, all based on well-located lands.

Farm Lien Security

Irrigation bonds are secured by first liens on the most fertile farm lands in America. The liens are given by individual land owners in payment for water rights. And the water immediately multiplies the land's value.

The liens are conservative. Usually they will not exceed one-fourth the land's value. The liens are paid off in ten annual installments.

The first crop from the land is frequently sufficient to pay the whole lien—often by several times over. These liens, therefore, have many advantages over the usual farm mortgage.

(5)

In addition, the bonds are secured by a first mortgage on all the property which the Irrigation Company owns, and which the proceeds of the bonds help to build and buy.

Some Irrigation bonds are municipal securities, issued by organized districts. Such bonds, like School bonds, form a tax lien on all the real property lying in populous districts.

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In all the projects we finance the security is ample and ideal. One can scarcely conceive of anything better.

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Irrigation bonds pay six per cent interest. This is a larger rate than can now be obtained on any large class of bonds based on equal security.

This high rate is due to the fact that irrigation projects are profitable. The demand for irrigated land exceeds the supply. Many millions of dollars can be utilized at once in these projects, and this liberal rate is paid to obtain the funds.

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These are serial bonds, running from two to twelve years. So one may make long-time or short-time investments. Every bond paid off increases the security back of the rest.

The bonds are issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, so they appeal to both small investors and large.

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Trap-Shooting

ONE of old Jo Manton's fowling-pieces would be something of a curiosity today. We no longer hear the old argument that a muzzle-loader "shoots harder" than a breech-loader, nor the other argument that smokeless powders are too dangerous for use, nor the proud refusal of the old-timer to use a repeating rifle. Today we are even reconciled to the automatic or self-loading principle, whether in rifle, revolver or shotgun. The improvement in military armament is sometimes said to be upon the point of making war impossible. Much more swiftly is improvement in sporting weapons making sport impossible. The armor-plate of the mallard, the grouse, the deer or even the bear does not keep up with the advancement of the projectile.

The end of the use of many millions of firearms on game became apparent some years ago. The invention of the sport of shooting at the trap was inevitable, although it first was based on the desire of excellence in field-shooting in a day when we still had field-shooting. The little steel-armed trap, with its glass balls filled with smoke or feathers, attained a semi-faddish use among many good shots in the times of old Captain Bogardus and others who believed in ten-gauge guns and six drams of black powder.

Having become manifest that there was a market here, some one invented a flat target, made like a clam shell, to be thrown edgewise. It was constructed in turn of clay, clay and tar, cinders and tar, tar and ashes, and finally of tar and silt. The flight of these targets never was much of an imitation of the flight of a game-bird, but they offered something abundant and easy of access, and, as we Americans are powder-burners by instinct, we took up this form of burning powder.

Long after the development of target-shooting at the trap we continued also to shoot wild or tame pigeons at the trap. That sport, if ever it deserved the name of sport, is now legally forbidden pretty much all over the United States. The old argument for it was that it hurt a pigeon no more to be killed with a load of shot than with an axe. The shooter lost sight of the fact that the bird had once been reduced to possession before it ever came up to him to reduce it to possession the second time.

Clay-Bird Pools

Custom dulled his sensibilities to the fact that a trapped bird was entitled to a whole chance and not half a chance for its life in any clean view of sportsmanship. True, the trap-shooter said of his cripples that they were no worse than, and not so numerous as, the cripples of the field-shooter; which, of course, was no argument at all, although it is true that no sort of sport with firearms stands analysis very well. For that matter, neither do our chicken-lofts stand analysis, nor our stock-yards. In civilization we live under scores of conventions, either ignorant of or ignoring many cruel and horrible things of life.

The argument for the artificial target was that its shooting was clean and not cruel. Probably convenience was a yet greater argument, since nearly all target-shots are field-shooters also.

The average American shooter is a pretty game fellow, and for a long time trap-shooting showed a curious chivalry, under which it was considered polite and decent for a professional shooter to take away the money of the amateur shooter when competing with him on the same footing. In the old days of live-bird matches there were such things as match-shooting "ringers," who even traveled in disguise, like the old-time professional foot-racer. The system by which the best shooter won all the money was soon modified by what is known as "class shooting," a term which, perhaps, may not be entirely clear to the non-sporting reader. Suppose twenty men put in a dollar each besides the price of their targets, and that they shoot each at twenty "birds," as the disks are euphoniously and very shrewdly called. Five break twenty straight, but only one breaks nineteen. As we have divided our pool into four purses, on the basis of forty, thirty, twenty and ten per cent of the total, it is easy to see that to land in the nineteen hole is financially a more profitable transaction than to break twenty straight.

unless your Edison Phonograph is equipped to play Amberol Records

you are missing a lot of good things. Your present Phonograph will give you three times as much pleasure as it does now if you will arrange for the Amberol attachment—three times as much, because an Amberol Record is twice as long and more than twice as good as a Standard Edison Record.

All Edison Phonographs made before the invention of Amberol Records play only Standard Records unless they have been equipped with the Amberol attachment. This attachment can be put on any Edison Phonograph by your dealer or by yourself, making available an already large list of four-minute Amberol selections.

For a small sum—$4.00, $5.00 or $7.50, according to the style of your machine—you practically get an entirely new Phonograph out of your old one, one that is able to play the world's best music reproduced on the longest and best records ever made.

If you have never heard any Amberol Records, pick out from the following list some Records that particularly interest you, go to the nearest Edison dealer today and hear them played upon an Edison Phonograph with the Amberol attachment.

November Amberol Records

285 Stars and Stripes Forever March (Sousa) Sousa's Band
One of Sousa's most popular marches, played by his own band.

286 Just Plain Folks (Stonehill) Ada Jones and Chorus
An appealing ballad, with appropriate musical setting. Miss Jones has the assistance of a male quartette in the chorus.

287 Selections from "Little Nemo" (Herbert) Victor Herbert and his Orchestra
This selection introduces his "March of the Valentines," "Won't you be my Playmate?" "Give us a Fleet," "Won't you be my Valentine?" "The Slumberland Theme," Dance and March Finale.

288 How She Gets Away With It Is More Than I Can See (Furth & Cameron) Grace Cameron
A comic song in which one "chorus lady" roasts another. Miss Cameron is very clever in her use of the "front row" vernacular.

289 Flannigan and Harrigan (Original) Porter & Meeker
A side-splitting side-walk conversation between these clever artists, introducing two original songs.

290 Gypsy Airs (Sarasate Op. 20) Albert Spaulding
This beautiful composition is exquisitely rendered by Mr. Spaulding as a violin solo. Piano accompaniment.

291 Grandma's Mustard Plaster (Original) Murry K. Hill
A very funny monologue precedes a song about the wonderful drawing qualities of "Grandma's Mustard Plaster."

292 Waiting and Watching for Me (Hearn & Bliss) Anthony & Harrison
One of the best known and most popular of sacred hymns.

293 Eglantine Caprice (Van Loock) United States Marine Band
A captivating number executed in faultless style by this celebrated organization.

294 Pansies Mean Thoughts, Dear, and Thoughts Mean You (Brown & Spencer) Manuel Romain
Mr. Romain has given a particularly fine rendition of this dainty love ballad.

295 A Thousand Leagues Under The Sea (Branen & Petrie) Gus Reed
Mr. Reed's sonorous bass is admirably qualified to give this selection its proper expression.

296 Lasca (F. Desprez) Edgar L. Davenport
A poem of love and heroism familiar to many, but few possibly have ever heard it so well rendered. Given in its entirety.

297 Just Before The Battle, Mother (Root) Will Oakland and Chorus
Mr. Oakland's splendid voice has never been heard to better effect than in this war ballad.

298 He Leadeth Me (Gilmore & Bradbury) Edison Mixed Quartette
A sacred selection rendered by a quartette of mixed voices with organ accompaniment.

299 Wedding—Dance Waltz (Lincke) American Symphony Orchestra
A well known waltz by the author of "Glow-worm" (Amberol Record 61.)

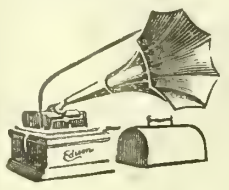
300 The Song I Heard One Sunday Morn (Ellison & Brennen) James F. Harrison and Mixed Chorus
This song describes the effect that the chanting of "The Palms" in a church produced on a passer-by.

301 Run, Brudder Possum, Run! (Johnson & Johnson) Collins and Harlan
A typical Southern "darkey" song set to a rollicking air.

302 Carnival of Venice (Paganini-Banner) Ollivotti Troubadours
A charming violin and guitar duet by accomplished musicians.

303 My Old Kentucky Home (Foster) Knickerbocker Male Quartette
We doubt the possibility of a more pleasing reproduction of this fine old Southern melody.

304 A Georgia Barn Dance (Mills) New York Military Band
An unusually good dance number as well as a fine band Record.



Ask your dealer for a complete list of Amberol Records and see what wonderful pieces of music you are now losing for lack of a simple attachment.

Edison Phonographs are the same price everywhere in the United States. $12.50 to $125.00.

Edison Standard Records 35c; Edison Amberol Records (twice as long) 50c; Edison Grand Opera Records 75c.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 11 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

HIGH ROCK STANDARD FLEECE
TRADE MARK

Br-r-r!!

Let winter's chilling winds blow. No cold can penetrate the fleecy warmness of

High Rock Fleece-Lined Underwear

The ideal winter underwear for Outdoor men, City men and Traveling men. It never "sheds" or stretches. It never "pills up" after washing, and it is guaranteed not to shrink or get out of shape.

High Rock is as economical as it is warm and healthful.

ONLY 50c. A GARMENT

yet it will outlast most underwear that costs twice as much. Wives who value their husbands' good health and money, should buy HIGH ROCK FLEECE for them. Better health insurance cannot be had. HIGH ROCK needs no mending because of the wonderful way it is knitted and sewn. Many a man makes his HIGH ROCK Garments last him *three* winters. Look for the RED trade-mark.

High Rock Underwear

is sold by dealers everywhere. If yours should not sell it, let us know. We will see that you are supplied quickly and conveniently. We will also send you our attractive

FREE BOOK

Send for it today. It will tell you many interesting things about underwear manufacture which you probably do not know.

High Rock Knitting Co., Dept. T, Philmont, N.Y.

Umbrellas to Fit Your Personality

Your umbrella should be as becoming to you as your hat or shoes. Whatever your character or calling there is an umbrella especially suited to you in the K & H line,—the umbrellas pre-eminent for quality and distinguished for Clever Styles, Desirable Fabrics, Careful Construction, and *Good Value*.

K&H

QUALITY

Umbrellas

have the only practical Detachable Handles. A great convenience for traveling. K & H Sterling handles are made in heavier than ordinary silver; gold filled handles in Virgin Color. Both sterling and gold handles *guaranteed* for wear. You will get greater satisfaction from your K & H than from any other umbrella you ever owned. Ask for umbrellas bearing the K & H trade-mark on handle, crown or rib. If no dealer near you carries K & H Umbrellas and Canes, tell us and we will see you are supplied.

Write for Suggestion Book. To acquaint you with K & H Quality, we will send you a book showing latest umbrella and cane styles, giving helpful hints for gift-makers. With it will come the "K & H Umbrella Girl" picture in pastel colors, for framing, FREE.

Send 48 cents for perfect toy umbrella.

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Jackson Blvd. and Franklin Street, Chicago

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1909-1910 Booklet

of the

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W. R. SWEATT, Secretary

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In that proposition there lay the test of the theory of shooting at the trap. It rested on a competitive and gambling basis, whereas the gentlemanly accomplishment of skill in the field, either with rod or gun, never did and never will rest on any such basis. The love of skill very often subordinated itself to the love of money in trap-shooting. It was easy to miss that last bird, and drop into the nineteen hole where the purse was higher. This was called "dropping for place," and it was an abuse which it took ten years or more to wipe out. It was finally abolished because it was not business to allow it to continue. That ended the days when a few professionals could travel the year round among the different shooting tournaments of the country, picking out the soft places to land in the purses, and dividing their earnings equally at the end of each shoot. Of course this is not pleasant historical reading, for to stand shoulder to shoulder with a cheat at the trap-score is no more pleasant than to sit shoulder to shoulder with a cheat at the card-table. That a little looseness in morality could be expected in the sport is to be seen in the later history of handicaps and systems intended to make difficult or impossible the dropping for place. Of necessity, the sport became much cleaner in the days when the shooters of the country were handicapped on their season's records, and when professionals were debarred from competition in the sweepstakes and allowed to shoot only for exhibition purposes.

Better Days for the Sport

In the early days the excellence of organization of the present Grand American Handicap Association, which pulls off a national trap event on a handicap basis each year, was not easily obtained. The energies of the somewhat scattered shooters were engaged in a vast number of local shoots, here and there, over the country. For a time the "merchandise prize" flourished. No other self-respecting sport ever asked an innocent bystander to finance it; but it was considered good form for the management of the local gun club to go to Mr. Isaac Bloomstein and hold him up for a suit of clothes to be given as a special prize in this or that event of the forthcoming "tournament," so called. Isaac usually writhed at this, but was gently sandbagged with the statement that all the other merchants were doing as much. Of course, neither merchant nor sport ever received any good out of this sort of thing; wherefore the merchandise prize presently passed, along with the ten-gauge gun, the professional rounder, and the dropping for place. The manufacturers saw that a higher plane was necessary for the sport if it was to endure. This was why, in time, the better class of more honorable dealers formed a strong association, secured the services of a skilled and businesslike special manager, and put what may perhaps be called the central body of American trap-shooting on a better basis than it had ever before known.

The handling of a great tournament, such as the annual Grand American Handicap, is a big business proposition, and the work is now done admirably. Of course, the old system, under which perhaps fifty others waited while one man shot, was abandoned long ago as un-American and unbusinesslike. At one of these big shoots squads of shooters stand back of banks of traps, and as fast as one man fires the next man on the right calls "pull." No merchant ever has devised a more perfect business system.

More than five hundred shooters have been known to meet at a Grand American Handicap. Among these are many who make considerable money by their skill. Others are men of independent means who shoot for love of it. Again, there are some tight-wads who sweat blood when they miss a target or lose a dollar. Some of those who have gone highest in the professional ranks in the business of shooting started as farmer boys, brown-faced, hard-featured, but temperate and clear-eyed, whose sporting skill with a gun commanded a prompt market in business. In such an assemblage one sees, if not the highest form of American sport, its most nearly typical form today. It is, of course, the sport of "Just-as-good." Some will always take substitutes at the drug-store rather than do without.

The average trap-shooter, coming from a race which loves the sound of a gun, will

All that the Law Requires And More

Two years from now open tub oysters will be a thing of the past.

The shipping of oysters is being regulated by State and by National legislation.

But today the only oysters you can be sure of are Sealshipt Oysters.

What other oysters must be two years from now, Sealshipt Oysters are *today*.

For the Sealshipt System now reaches from the oyster beds to you—and guarantees you the full sea flavor, though you live in Rochester or Los Angeles—*everywhere and always*.

Sealshipt Oysters

Straight from the Oyster Beds Under Seal

In the shipping of oysters it has not always been so.

Before the Sealshipt System was devised, oysters were shipped in *open tubs*.

All oysters in bulk which are not shipped in the Sealshipt way are shipped in tubs *even now*.

Oysters and ice are put together in these tubs. When the ice melts, the expressman puts on more—railroad ice.

What the "Liquor" Is

The "liquor" which you get with common oysters is the water that is left by the melting ice.

This water washes the sea flavor out of the oysters. It makes them soggy, shapeless, insipid. By the time the oysters reach an inland point, they taste more of the tub than they do of the sea.

But in Sealshipt, the flavor is saved by shipping the oysters in air-tight, germ-proof containers.

The ice goes *outside* of the containers. Neither ice nor water can get into the oysters.

These air-tight containers are sealed at the seaside; they are sealed in Sealshiptors, in transit; sealed when your dealer gets them.

When he breaks the seal, he does not empty the oysters into a tub, but into a porcelain Sealshipticase, which is air-tight and iced from *without*, as in the Sealshiptor.

It is a perfect, smooth-running, comprehensive system. It embraces the growing and shipping of oysters; the transportation of oysters; the selling of oysters.

It insures you that *the oysters you get* are oysters at their best.

To insure consumers receiving the genuine Sealshipt Oysters we have devised the cleanly white and blue porcelain Sealshipticase, used by all our licensed agents [illegible]. For your own protection, look for this and for the white and blue enameled agency sign.

"Seaside Oyster Dishes" Free

If you want to know the flavor of the real sea oyster, write us the name of your oyster dealer. We will send you, free, our book "46 New Seaside Oyster Dishes," which gives many shore recipes, unknown inland. Address Department 27 A.

The Sealshipt Oyster System, Inc.

(Formerly National Oyster Canner Co.)

Sealshipt Oyster Stations at 30 Coast Points

General Office and Factory South Norwalk, Conn.

Sealshipt Groceries and Markets Everywhere

Members of American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

The Florsheim SHOE

The Arab

Velvet Calf Blucher
Pinked Tip

Plenty of room in the FLORSHEIM SHOE—the toes lie flat. No corns, no "breaking-in" torture—FLORSHEIM "Natural Shaped" lasts.

Most Styles $5 and $6
Write for Style Book

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Think Right about a piano

A piano is maker and materials. The maker who thinks right will use best materials and most skill.

A tone-trained ear is worth a fortune to a think-right-piano-maker. Estey makers have men fifty years tone-trained.

We make a good piano and guarantee it with a good name and we don't charge for the name; all you need to pay for is the piano. Think of that.

We issue a Pocket Estey which will help you think right about Estey and all other pianos. We will send it on request.

Estey Piano Company

New York City Think Right about an ESTEY PIANO

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$8,500 for one invention. Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in fourteen Manufacturers' Journals.

Patent Obtained or Fee Returned

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys, *Est. 16 years.* 983 F. St., Washington, D. C.

sturdily insist that trap-shooting is a sport. As to its being a business, we might do some simple figuring. At a tournament each man will shoot about two hundred targets daily. Give him a thousand targets in five days' steady work. Leaving out the cost of the targets, usually retailed at two cents each, to cover expense of trapping, his ammunition bill will run, say, thirty dollars, not a very large figure. But in a shoot where there are five hundred at the sport, the ammunition bill foots up fifteen thousand dollars, not mentioning guns or targets. Not even that is appalling, but suppose we put together enough large and small shoots to equal five hundred men shooting for twenty weeks of the year. Now our bill is something like a third of a million dollars for twenty weeks; and if you think those five hundred shooters represent the total of the craft in America, or the tenth of it, or the one-hundredth of it, you are mistaken. The American must have a gun. There are hundreds of thousands of Americans who shoot at game and at the trap; and as our game is disappearing they must shoot more and more at the trap.

This has developed an extremely high average of individual specialized skill with the shotgun among American shooters. There is no nation which begins to approach us in this regard. Some six years ago a purse was made up among dealers and others to send a party of twelve American trap-shooters over to England, with the intent of cultivating the sport of target-shooting in that country. Incidentally, of course, the Americans shot any sort of trap-race with any sort of comer in that country. The results were almost ludicrous in their finality, the visitors winning every race. Some of the exclusive pigeon clubs of England bring out nervy live-bird shooters, but the average use of the fowling-piece in that country is utterly different from that general in this country.

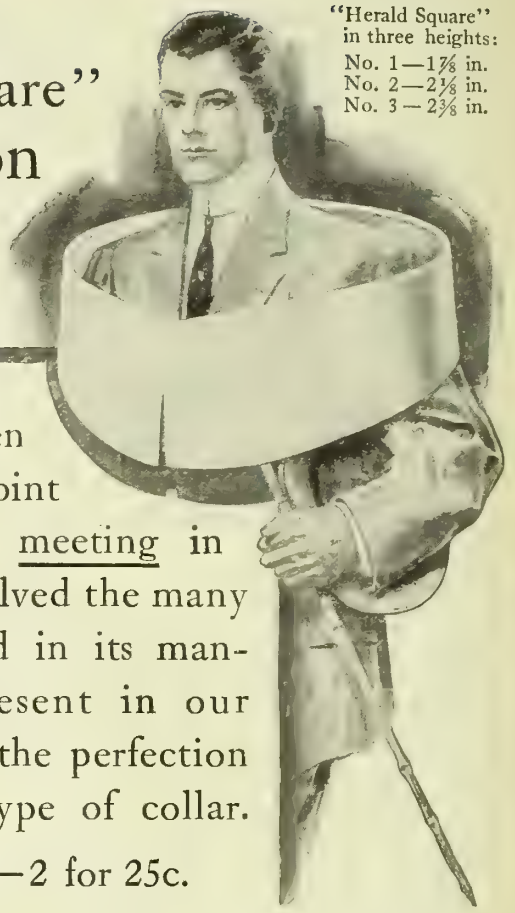
A Sport for Specialists

In these days the laurels of the most skillful professionals are in continual danger, because new amateurs of phenomenal skill annually arise in this or that corner of the country. The records of some of these, of either class, are almost incredible, and certainly they prove the excellence of American arms and ammunition by their extreme regularity of performance. A year or so ago at a Pennsylvania State shoot two men tied on forty-nine out of fifty targets. They shot off at strings of twenty-five, tying three times, and the winner had to break a last twenty-five straight, scoring ninety-eight out of one hundred in the tie, to win over his competitor, who was only one target behind him. In one tournament a professional broke four hundred and nineteen targets without a miss. Two years ago one shooter averaged ninety-six per cent out of sixteen thousand targets shot at.

The highly-specialized sport of trap-shooting today has seen very many changes, and although it is difficult to see how it can be improved, in its strictly-business features, it is possible that eventually interest in it will wane, because it is born of low ethics. What is certain to endure is the American love for fishing and shooting. Perhaps one day the great business organizations which have done so much toward the development of this sport may do yet more for the other side of the game, and assist the average American by way of increasing or conserving our wild game. The American out-of-doors is of vastly more importance than the American firing-line behind the artificial target-traps. There is a balance to be preserved always between consumption and things consumed, between something just as good and the real article; between the thing to shoot with and the thing to shoot at. Perhaps our clear-headed manufacturers might find something of a problem in this latter phase of the game. Trap-shooting is far better than nothing in the case of a nation which will not yet be weaned from firearms; but trap-shooting plus widely-distributed field-shooting will make us a still better race of shooters. It might make us better soldiers, or even better citizens. Trap-shooting demand is artificial, needs continual stimulating, and may discontinue any year. The American love of field sports properly so called is something which does not wane, and which always will get on without artificial respiration and continuous heart stimulants.

For Fall 1909
The "Herald Square"
A Corliss-Coon
Hand Made Collar
2 for 25c

"Herald Square" in three heights:
No. 1—1⅞ in.
No. 2—2⅛ in.
No. 3—2⅜ in.



An ideal long striven for, is the square point collar with folds meeting in front. We have solved the many problems presented in its manufacture and present in our "Herald Square" the perfection of style in this type of collar.

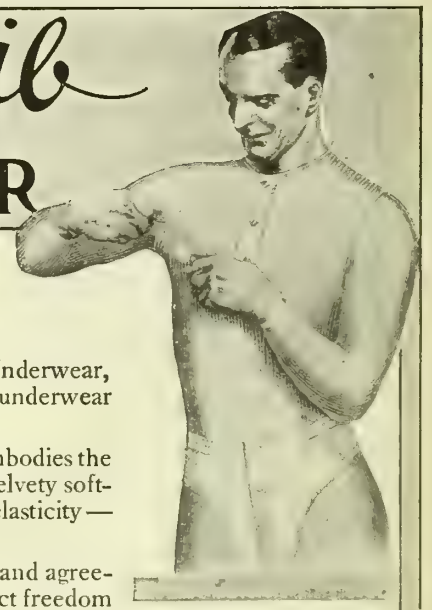
The usual price—2 for 25c.

Any new style in Corliss-Coon Hand-made Collars is, as a rule, immediately copied in the ordinary machine-made collars. We submit without prejudice, that the perfection of style, set and fit attained in our "Herald Square" will be impossible to duplicate. It will therefore be a distinct advantage to you to accept no copy of this style.

Most of the best Furnishers have our "Herald Square" for immediate delivery. Those who have not, can get them for you without delay, or we will supply you by mail prepaid on receipt of the regular price. Our Style Book will help you in your selection of appropriate styles for all occasions. We will send it to any address, gratis, on request. Write for it today.

Corliss, Coon & Co. Dept. V, Troy, N. Y.

Velvetrib
Oneita Knit
UNDERWEAR



—pleasantest to wear best IN wear.

Until you wear the new *Velvetrib* Underwear, you will never know *real* winter underwear comfort.

Velvetrib is the only underwear that embodies the four essentials to perfect underwear—velvety softness—luxurious warmth—springy elasticity—wear-resisting strength.

It is grateful to the skin—soft, warm and agreeable. It fits glove-like, and allows perfect freedom of movement.

By actual test, *Velvetrib* shows 80 to 100% more tensile strength than any other underwear of equal weight.

It is knit in two closely interwoven layers—one supporting the other. Without coarseness of yarn or bulkiness of fabric, strength, warmth and velvety softness are obtained.

But test *Velvetrib* Underwear yourself. Go to your dealer and examine a *Velvetrib* garment. Feel its velvety softness—try its elasticity—jerk at the reinforced lockstitched seams—pull on the buttons—tug at the tailored buttonholes—test the trimmings!

Be all around strenuous with it. Go as far as you like! Then you will understand why

"*Velvetrib*" Is Guaranteed

to give satisfactory service in every respect without irritation of the skin, shrinking, ripping, tearing, bagging—or money back.

Velvetrib is made of especially prepared Egyptian yarn in medium and heavy weights.

$1 for Separate Garments
$2 for Union Suits

If your dealer doesn't sell *Velvetrib*, send us his name, and we will mail you a booklet and a sample of *Velvetrib* fabric. We will see that you are supplied.

ONEITA KNITTING MILLS
Makers of Famous Oneita Union Suits and Other Oneita-Knit Underwear,
Utica, N. Y.

Copyright 1909, The Royal Tailors

All Eyes Envy the Tailor-Dressed Man

This street-car scene is a snap-shot from everyday life. Wherever men gather there is always at least one among them

whose appearance stands out—whose clothes have a certain refinement, good taste and style in them that lift them above the commonplace.

And the secret is always the same. A *real tailor* made those clothes—made them to the special order of the man who wears them—and made them to harmonize with every line of his body.

There is a tailor like that waiting to make *your* clothes to your *order* in our great Chicago and New York shops—a tailor who will work with *hand* and *head*, specifically and individually for you, to make your clothes fit and compliment your every body peculiarity.

The Convenient Tailoring System

No man who has not actually tried our system, can begin to realize from mere description, how convenient, how economical, how satisfactory it is to order his clothes tailored to order in our way.

Understand you deal with your own leading merchant, who is as near to you perhaps as your butcher or baker and probably a good deal better known in your town than any of the local tailors.

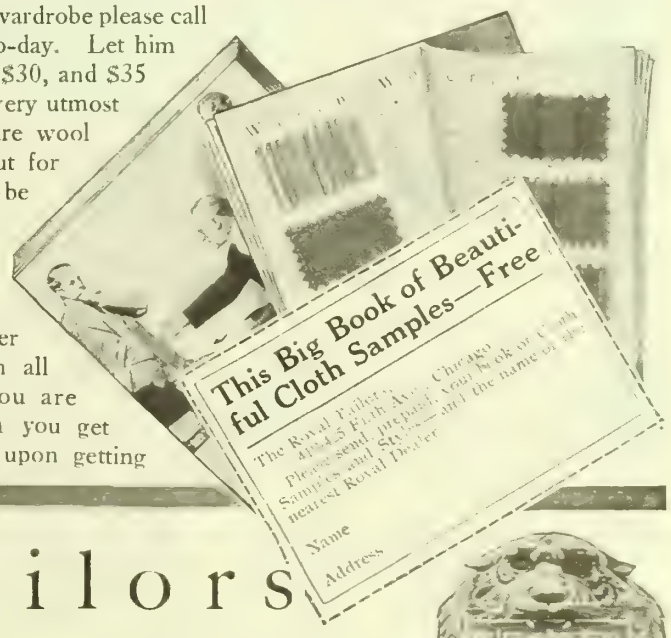
That merchant, who has been schooled by us for years in measure-taking, sends us a virtual blue-print of your body—and you pick the cloth for your suit or overcoat from over 500 beautiful woolen innovations—the season's newest and best—on display at his store.

Then in our great tailoring studios, in Chicago or New York, where we have the pick of the world's greatest tailors—we build your suit or overcoat to your individual measures—and have it ready to ship to you by the fastest returning express six days after the order reaches us.

But that is not all. This system not only makes it easy for you to get real New York or Chicago tailor-made clothes, but it enables you to get them on the safest clothes-buying plan in the world.

You get a contract-guarantee with your garment when it comes, made out individually to you and signed by our President that warrants your complete and perfect satisfaction or you needn't accept the garment.

In fairness to your wardrobe please call on our local dealer to-day. Let him show you, how $25, $30, and $35 will buy for you the very utmost in a custom-cut, pure wool suit or overcoat. But for your protection—be sure you find a real Royal dealer. If you are not sure write us for his name—or look for our tiger head trade mark on all woolen samples you are shown. And when you get your garment, insist upon getting our written guarantee, made out to you and signed by our President.



Over 5,000 Royal Dealers

The Royal Tailors

Chicago

Joseph Beehan
President

New York

148 Branch Royal Stores

Sense and Nonsense

The Seat of Punctuation

AT THE time Colonel Roosevelt was carrying on his simplified-spelling movement in Washington there was a meeting of educators at Battle Creek, Michigan, and they visited the great sanatoriums there.

They were shown through, and particular stress was laid by the guide on the success that attended operations there on enlarged and diseased colons, it being claimed that here was the seat of most disease.

There was a banquet that night and one of the visitors opened his speech like this: "Washington, as we all know, is the seat of spelling reform, but, I take it, Battle Creek is bound to be the seat of punctuation reform, for, as we were told today, you come here with a colon and you depart with a semi-colon."

Not in Ade's Set

THE first time Mrs. Kendal, the English actress, went to Chicago the city editors sent reporters over to interview her.

Among them was George Ade, then working for the Record.

"How do you like Chicago, Mrs. Kendal?" he asked.

"Oh, I have not been here long enough to answer that, but I know I shall like it. I am so infatuated with your country, and I know I shall dearly love Chicago. I have met some charming Chicago people."

"Indeed," said Ade, "whom do you know?"

"Why, I have met Mr. Armour and Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Higinbotham and several others. Do you know them?"

"Well," said Ade, "I have heard of them, but then, you know, all these you have mentioned are in trade. Good-morning."

Caught 'Em at It

TWO policemen picked up a rather well-known actor on Broadway one night after he had been making a night of it.

They toted him into a night court and the judge, who knew the actor, said: "Well, well! Drunk, eh?"

"Sure, Judge," replied the actor, pushing the policemen forward, "both of them."

Stage-Struck

"Aha!" said the egg,
As it splattered a bit,
"I was cast for the villain
And made a great hit!"
—Nixon Waterman.

The Small Puddle Measure

CHARLES VICKERS, the superintendent of the express business of the Canadian Pacific road, is a big, upstanding fellow.

He went down into the French country near Quebec one day. After he left two habitants were discussing him.

"Mr. Vickers very fine man."

"Yes."

"Big man."

"Yes."

"Big man in Montreal?"

"Yes."

"Very big man in Montreal—very big man?"

"Yes."

"What is he, butcher or hotel-keeper?"

Why Run Risks?

A CANADIAN author wrote an anthem for a recent celebration in Toronto.

Toward the end of the exercises, when the people were going out a few at a time, the author rushed to the conductor and said:

"Is it over?"

"Practically."

"But, great Scott, man, they haven't sung my anthem!"

"Well," said the conductor, "so long as the people are going out peacefully and quietly, why sing it at all?"

Hardwick's Swimming Pool

REPRESENTATIVE HARDWICK, of Sandersville, Georgia, is the smallest man, physically, in the House of Representatives. Colonel "Ike" Hill, late Democratic employee of the House, said once of Hardwick: "You could drown him in a fountain pen."

The Poor Poet

The bard knows no bonanza,
No life of gay romance.
He chances many a stanza,
But seldom stands a chance.
—Sam S. Stinson.

Every Man for Himself

COLONEL RIORDAN, who runs the Toronto Mail and Empire, was going home one night when he ran across a friend leaning against a fence, thinking deeply.

"Is that you, Riordan?" the friend asked.

"It is; and what are you doing here at this hour of the night?"

"Thinking, Riordan—thinking on the great human problems of the day. Do you know, Riordan, there is only one way we can all be happy, only one way."

"What's that?" asked Riordan.

"Riordan," said the friend, "we shall never be entirely and completely happy until every man can print his own money."

Special Pleading

Lawzee, Marse Tom, you t'ink I stole
Dat chicken f'om yo' roos' las' night?
Jes' listen here: I gwine to tole
De trufe, an' den yo'll know I's right.
'Twas late las' night when chu'ch was out;
We felt de Sperrit ling'rin' nigh;
An' goin' home I sing an' shout:
"I gits my rations f'om on high."
I heer'd a little eluck jes' den,
An' lookin' up into de tree
I saw dat little speckled hen
A sittin', lookin' down at me.
I knew den dat de Lawd had brought
Me in de paff my feet should tread;
I 'member'd what my mammy taught:
"Gib us dis day our daily bread."
Right den I bent de knee in pra'r
To de good Lawd who was so kin'
To put dat little pullet dar
Jes' whar dis nigger shore to fin'.
Ob co'se I'd tote it home.

Go long, Marse Dick, don' say I'd steal
A watermillyun f'om yo' vine.
Wha' dat? Yo' know I passed yo' fiel'
An' it is gone? Well! nebber min':
I walked along beside de fiel',
An' dere dat sassy millyun lay
Right at de aidge, a chile could steal;
De moon was shinin' bright as day.
I clomb de fence an' tried to poke
It underneaf de leaves an' san',
When, bang! Ker-snap! De stem done broke
An' lef' dat millyun in my han'.
I was so skeer'd I let it drap
Smack on de groun', an' break in two.
My heart done thump, ker-flip, ker-flap;
I didn't know jes' wha' to do.
I couldn't leave de messy stuff
A lyin' dere to draw de flies.
Marse Dick, I's hones', shore enough;
Dis nigger ain' a tellin' lies;
I had to et it up.

Good Lawd! Marse Harry, yo' sho' don't mean
To say I took an' stole yo' ham?
Lemme tole 'bout dat; yo' nebber seen
Me steal a thing; I sho'ly am
A hones' coon. Somebody stood
Dat do' ajar; I peeped inside
An' said: "Umhuh, dem hams looks good;
Dey'd make good eatin', biled or fried."
An' den I counted dem!—Thutteen!
My Lawd, de ve'y worst hoodoo!
Yo' know yo'se'f wha' dat would mean;
An' everybody knows it, too.
I prayed de Lawd: "Don' let no ha'm
Come to dis Marster, good an' kin';
I'll take one ham to break de cha'm,
An' leave de odders all behin'."
I toted it off home. *—Mary B. Yates.*

"Individual" Clothes for Young Men—

What every aggressive, virile young man requires in his apparel above everything else is distinctiveness—something that sets him apart from the multitude and stamps his individuality upon his associates.

That is why Kaufman Campus Togs make so strong an appeal to young men.

They are stylish in cut, but the style is advanced—"extreme," if you will. The little touches of ultra-fashion that every well-dressed man will insist on next year are incorporated *now* in

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Campus Togs

The Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" process insures that every bit of the style, shape, fit and elegance which you observe when you first wear the garment are there to stay. The wrinkles, puckers and sagging which disfigure an ordinary suit after short wear, especially in damp weather, will be looked for in vain in Campus Togs.

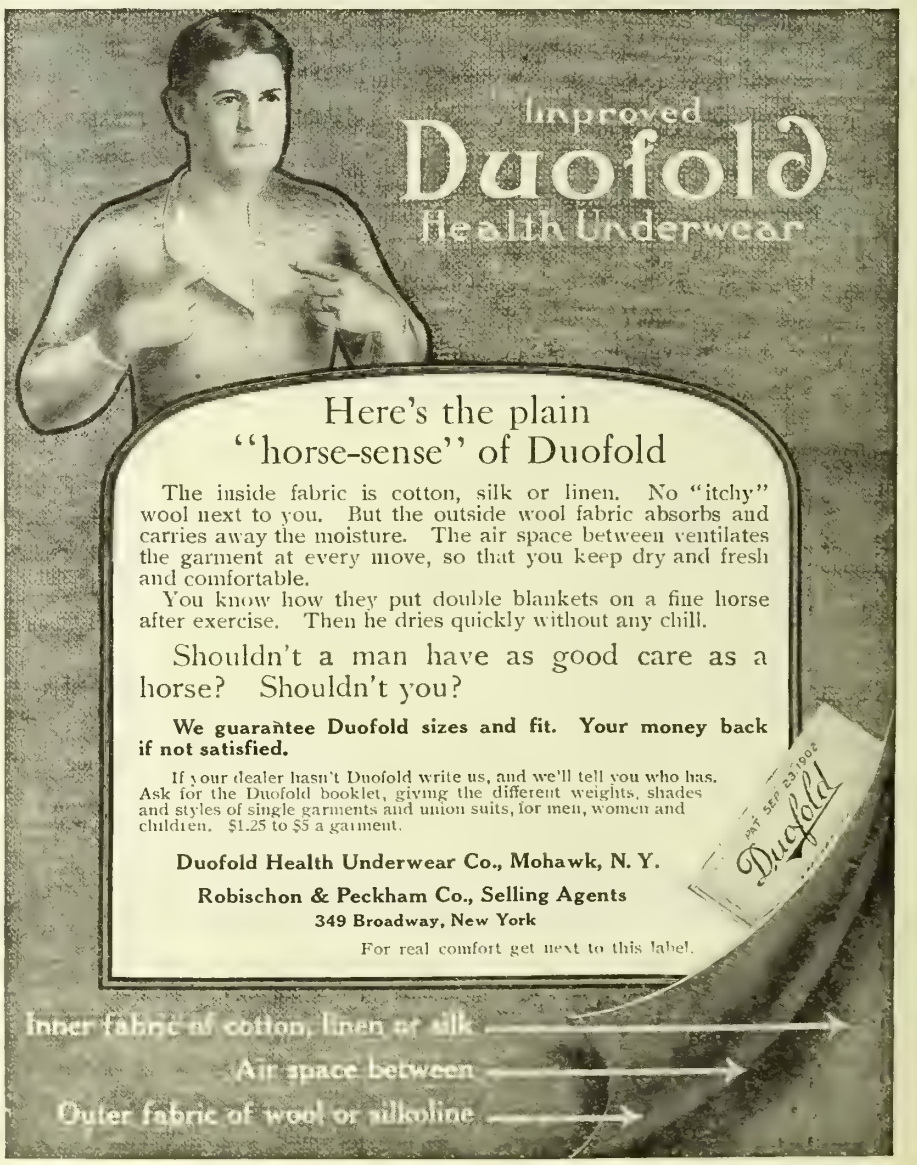
Campus Togs in style and cut represent the best work of probably the best designer of young men's clothing in the country—a man who for years has helped to settle the decrees of fashion. There is a distinctive "Young-manliness" about them that would perhaps not suit your conservative father or elders, but that just suits you.

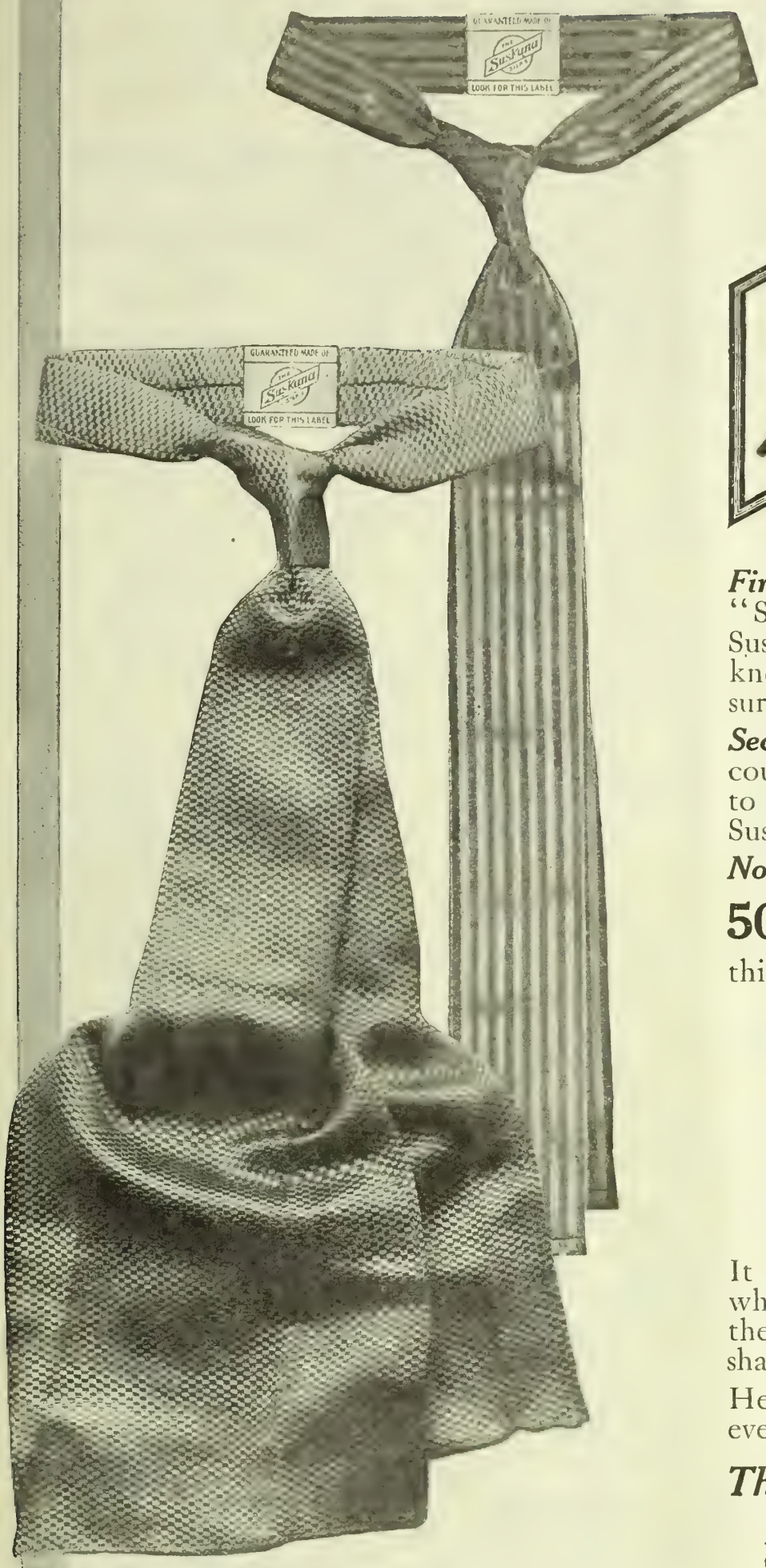
Try on a suit of Kaufman Campus Togs at your dealer's. He has on exhibition now all the popular fabrics for Fall and Winter wear. You will observe in them a note of elegance and distinction that you have never seen in any other apparel.

Ask your dealer, also, about the Kaufman guarantee—a guarantee that is only possible with Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments.

Our handsome style book for Fall and Winter will interest you. Your dealer has it or we'll gladly send it with our compliments, for the asking.

Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago (2)


Improved
Duofold
Health Underwear
Here's the plain
"horse-sense" of Duofold
The inside fabric is cotton, silk or linen. No "itchy" wool next to you. But the outside wool fabric absorbs and carries away the moisture. The air space between ventilates the garment at every move, so that you keep dry and fresh and comfortable.
You know how they put double blankets on a fine horse after exercise. Then he dries quickly without any chill.
Shouldn't a man have as good care as a horse? Shouldn't you?
We guarantee Duofold sizes and fit. Your money back if not satisfied.
If your dealer hasn't Duofold write us, and we'll tell you who has. Ask for the Duofold booklet, giving the different weights, shades and styles of single garments and union suits, for men, women and children. $1.25 to $5 a garment.
Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.
Robischon & Peckham Co., Selling Agents
349 Broadway, New York
For real comfort get next to this label.
PAT SEP 23 1902
Duofold
Inner fabric of cotton, linen or silk
Air space between
Outer fabric of wool or silkoline



THE Suskana Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. SILKS

and now the Suskana Neckwear

First, we were compelled to put the name "Suskana" on the selvage of every yard of Suskana Dress and Lining Silks. Women who knew these splendid silks were glad to have a sure means of identification.

Second, we had to devise a tag by which women could be sure of Suskana Satin Linings in ready to wear garments. They had learned that Suskana Linings last the life of the garment.

Now we take a ***third*** step—this for men. On all

50c and 25c Suskana Neckwear

this label will appear.

GUARANTEED MADE OF
THE Suskana SILKS
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

It is put there so that men may identify ties which in beauty and style are unquestionably the best at the price. Made in every fashionable shape, shade and pattern.

Here is another point about Suskana ties which every man will appreciate:

They Slip Easily Through the Collar

An Offer If your haberdasher hasn't Suskana Silk ties, send us his name, also $3.00. We will see that he delivers to you one dozen 25c ties, or ½ dozen 50c ties in choice assorted patterns. Mention which quality you prefer.

To the Ladies
Write for the Suskana Silk Book. It contains samples of all the Suskana Dress and Lining Silks and suggests a charming silk wardrobe. You need it. Free for the asking.

To the Haberdasher
If you are not handling Suskana Neckwear, write us. We will gladly send you a list of Manufacturers who will supply you.

Susquehanna Silk Mills

Dept. N, 18 West 18th St., New York

Automatic Underwear

Ever heard it called that before?

Certainly, nothing that requires constant adjusting could properly be referred to as being "automatic." Then a two-piece suit of underwear which invariably works apart in the middle is not "automatic."

Nor is a union suit that gaps in the back and won't stay buttoned in crotch "automatic"; nor is any underwear that binds or that is uncomfortable in any other way "automatic."

Superior Union Suits *are* "automatic."

They so perfectly adjust themselves to every movement of the body—due to their special weave—that no discomfort is ever felt. You can get ***Superior*** Union Suits, for men only—only kind we make—at most all first-class stores. A weight, style and fit for everyone—a garment for every purse.

You can send direct to us for Free Booklet showing fabrics and weights.

TRADE The Superior MARK
A PERFECT UNION SUIT

The Superior Underwear Co.
(5) **102 River Street, Piqua, Ohio**

Griffon **Automatic Stropper**

For double-edge and all Safety Blades

Let us prove to you the advantages of having a Griffon Automatic Stropper with a strop of selected calf-skin, rich in a soft natural leather oil.

Strops any safety blade made. Does it perfectly, quickly. Regulated like a clock. A 5 year old child can work it as well as a skilled mechanic.

Just push the handle back and forth, the machine does the rest. The result is always the same—a smooth, delightfully keen edge.

Go to your Dealer to-day—ask him to show you how this strop works. If he cannot supply you send us his name and address with three of your discarded blades (any make) and two 2c stamps to pay for postage—we will return the blades better than new, proving to you the delightfully keen edge this strop will put on your old blades.

Price $2—name the razor you use.

Write for free booklet "Shavings." Be sure to mention your Dealer's name and address, and say whether or not he sells the Griffon Automatic Stropper.

GRIFFON CUTLERY WORKS
476 Broadway, New York
41 Common Street, Montreal, Can.

Red Cedar Treasure **CHEST 15 DAYS' TRIAL FREE**

Delivered $24.50 Prepaid East of Mississippi River

Various other styles and prices.

Let us send you this Chest direct from factory **ON TRIAL**, freight prepaid both ways if unsatisfactory. It is guaranteed proof against moths, dust and damp, and an ideal wedding, birthday, or Xmas gift. Made of fragrant Red Cedar, heavily bound with copper. Write at once for catalog.
PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. K, Statesville, N. C.

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C., Estab. 1869

THE RIVAL SHYSTERS

(Continued from Page 11)

to him an' say, 'Look here, Rufe, tell me all you know about dat boy gittin' hurt,' dat nigger wouldn't say nuthin'. Fust thing you know he'd jes' melt away an' be plum' gone. Lemme handle 'im. Tomorrer at dinnertime you come down to dat little eatin'-house next to de pawnshop. Me an' him will be dar. I'll say, 'Hello, Slick, have some beer,' jes' like you wuz a ole fr'en'. Atter Rufe gits to knowin' you reel good he'll go anywhar wid you. Rufe's jes' dat kind o' nigger."

When Noah got rid of Slick he turned two or three corners, then dodged back to Sandy's, where Rufe and Solomon lingered over their beer. Being a discreet person he separated them for fear of accidents—Slick might come prowling around. Besides, he wanted to confer with Rufe.

For this purpose they found another secluded place, and Noah seemed surprisingly familiar with the city. "Now, den, Rufe, it's yo' time to git busy. I done my part. Bofe o' dose lawyers is ready fer you—one of 'em at ten and one at twelve."

"Ole man, you better go slow; don't git dese white folks mixed up like you done at Booneville."

"No, suh. I got 'em straight dis time."

"Well, den, ef you is sho you got dem two straight, I'll tell you two mo'. Come along an' lemme show you whar dey stays at. An' mind you, Wesley ——"

"*What* you say? Ain't I kep' a-tellin' you to be keerful? Fust thing you know you'se gwine ter call me dat name whar some o' dese lawyers kin hear you, an' dat'll bust our trade."

"I fergot—Noah," Rufe apologized.

"Fergot! fergot! Ef you doan mind you'll be remembering on de inside ob a jail. 'Twouldn't make no difference to me, but I'd be right alongside o' you. You jes' keep saying 'Noah, Noah, Noah,' to yo'se'f, till you can't think o' nuthin' but Noah—fergit dat udder name complete."

Rufe, silent and humiliated, led the way and pointed out the offices of two lawyers. At each door he impressed upon Noah every fact he had learned in connection with them.

"Is dey got any money? Dat's what I wants to know."

"Dey does tolerable good—sometimes it's dem dat ain't got no money what grabs de quickest. Hongry trout'll bite at er empty hook."

"Dat's so," chuckled Noah. "We'll try 'em."

. . . . . .

The next morning, promptly at ten, three negroes climbed the steps to J. Curtius Mandel's office: Noah, the grief-stricken; Solomon, the triumphant; and Rufe Jackson, who trailed along.

J. Curtius put a few questions to Rufe, then called his stenographer. She took down a statement which corroborated Noah in every particular.

J. Curtius rubbed his hands gleefully, and saw that the stenographer got it all written out.

"Now, Rufe, you'd better sign it; anybody is liable to forget."

Rufe laboriously attached his autograph and made no comment.

"Now, Rufe," said the lawyer in a proprietary tone, "you must stay here until court meets."

"Yas, suh."

J. Curtius took no chances. It was Solomon's job to keep both eyes and one hand on Rufe—pay his board, provide him with beer, and jolly him into friendly terms with the boss.

J. Curtius dismissed them; all but Noah, who followed him into his private office.

"Lawyer," he began apologetically, "I hated to pester you whilst you wuz 'tending to bizness, but I got bad news; here 'tis."

The telegram, fresh and damp yet from the copying, simply said:

Willie died last night.
J. W. DURANT, M. D.

J. Curtius stared out of the window, swiftly calculating the effect that this would have.

Boy, nineteen, dead, expectation of life more than forty years, wages dollar twenty-five a day. These facts would support a verdict for ten thousand dollars' actual damages, besides punitive damages. J. Curtius reasoned it out in an instant.

Those College Men certainly Know what Candy to send—

Sorority Chocolates

"Taylor-Made"

THEY know that *she* appreciates the real difference between "Sororities" and common candy. We could make Sorority Chocolates at half the cost to us—and make them *fairly* satisfactory. But we'd have to use a "second" grade of chocolate—not the best. We'd have to employ a raw sugar—or beet sugar—not the selected, smoothest, refined grade that we delight in using. We'd have to use an "imitation" orange and raspberry flavor—not the real fruit flavors. We'd have to use a poorer Vanilla flavor—not the first drawing from thoroughly aged and ripened Mexican and Bourbon beans. We make our own Vanilla flavor—know that all beans are three years old, or older. We'd have to use an inferior maple flavor—not the first run of the sap from the best trees of old Vermont.

We spare not one penny in giving Sorority Chocolates perfect purity, smoothness and true-to-nature flavors. Our facilities—our experienced and loyal workmen—our fresh-air-flooded factory on the outer edge of Battle Creek—our own willingness to make Sororities the *quality-triumph* of a lifetime of good candy-making, combine in offering you the most delicious candy you ever tasted. The demand for Sorority Chocolates is so great—that they can be sold at the popular price of

60 Cents a Pound—At Dealers'
(Except in extreme West and Southwest)

Special Offer—Sorority Spoons

In every pound box of Sorority Chocolates is a certificate good for one beautiful, Sterling pattern, 20-year-guaranteed Art Spoon, when mailed to us with ten 2-cent stamps, or free in exchange for 6 coupons. These spoons are the reigning fad among Sorority girls. The certificate shows the set of six. Choose the design you want.

Send 10 cents, stamps or silver, for postage and packing, and your dealer's name, and we will send you, postpaid, a Test-Box of Sorority Chocolates, a generous handful.

If you cannot buy Sororities in your neighborhood, write us giving name of dealer. We will see that you are supplied.

Taylor Brothers Company
383 Taylor Bldg. Battle Creek, Mich.

Hand Power Vacuum Cleaner
"Best by Every Test"

The **Thurman III**, a hand power vacuum cleaner that can be

Operated by One Person

Made by the pioneer manufacturers of all kinds of Vacuum Cleaning Machinery, including Portable Wagons, Stationary Plants, and the celebrated

Thurman Portable Electric

The oldest and largest Company of its kind in the world. Write for particulars.

GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR & VACUUM M'CH'Y CO.
Dept. 103 519 No. Taylor Avenue, St. Louis, U. S. A.

A Water Supply at Little Cost

The ideal system of water supply is the **Niagara Hydraulic Ram.** Requires no attention. Write for illustrated catalogue A D and estimate. We furnish Caldwell Towers and Tanks. **NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO.,**
140 Nassau St., New York. Factory, Chester, Pa.

I TEACH *Penmanship* BY MAIL

I won the **World's First Prize in Penmanship.** By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my **Favorite Pens** and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. RANSOM,
268 Reliance Building, Kansas City, Missouri

THE "BEST" LIGHT

Absolutely safe. Makes and burns its own gas. Brilliant 500 candle power light. **Casts no shadow.** Costs 2 cents per week. No smoke, grease, nor odor. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 East 5th Street Canton, Ohio

HAMILTON 22 CALIBER RIFLE

Fun for the Out-of-Doors Boy. The Boy with the rifle gets a lot of fun out of life. He gets a lot of valuable training, too. To aim and hit the mark every time means a valuable training for hand, nerve and eye. Ask your dealer to show you these Hamilton models:

Model No. 27, with flat stock and forearm of gum wood. $1.50. Model No. 027, walnut stock and forearm turned and polished, $1.75.

Both fully guaranteed. Sent on receipt of price, if your dealer does not carry them. The low price of the Hamilton is obtained by costly patents, which enable us to turn out a durable, accurate rifle barrel at an extremely low cost. Notice its handsome lines, its steel-jacketed rifled bronze barrel, and its rich turned walnut stock. Breaks down for loading; ejects shells automatically. Made "take-down," it packs easily in small space. Send for illustrated circular and name of your nearest dealer.

HAMILTON RIFLE COMPANY
Box 216, Plymouth, Mich.

The Saws and Tools which cost least per year are

"Disston" Brand

WHEN you buy a saw or other tool, insist on getting the Disston Brand —the kind which most successfully withstand the only genuine test: "The Test of Time—The Test of Wear."

Disston Saws and Tools

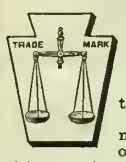
represent 70 years of constant improvement, resulting in the largest establishment of its kind in the world — the most carefully managed — the most progressive in manufacturing and mechanical improvement.

Exclusive DISSTON Features:

This is the only establishment making its own steel for the full line of saws and tools.

Quality of saws and tools begins with the steel and Disston Steel is famous for its quality.

Shop treatments, exclusively Disston, result in finished products the most perfect for their purpose.



For handlewood, selected lumber, seasoned several years in our own yards, is used exclusively.

Files used in conditioning, all Disston made.

All ideas of betterment based on 70 years of experience and leadership—no theories—Facts.

Housekeepers, workmen, employers practice genuine economy when they purchase Disston Brand Saws and Tools. They **cost less per year** because they **last longest.**

Dealers EVERYWHERE stock Disston Saws and Tools—another indication of supremacy.

FREE—Disston Hand-Book filled with valuable information about Disston Saws.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Inc.
Keystone Saw, Tool, Steel and File Works
Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

When a lamp-chimney breaks it means a loss, not only of the chimney, but of the use of the lamp.

Sometimes that inconvenience amounts to ten times the value of any lamp-chimney.

When my name, Macbeth, is on a lamp-chimney it says, "This chimney will not break from heat."

If you would be sure of always getting the right chimney, have my book. Free. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

—9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

—How to manage a business
—How to sell goods
—How to get money by mail
—How to buy at rock-bottom
—How to collect money
—How to stop cost leaks
—How to train and handle men
—How to get and hold a position
—How to advertise a business
—How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say, "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet." Send to SYSTEM, Dept. 26-1030, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Ann Arbor Lighting System

The most up-to-date and complete lighting system on the market. Beautiful fixtures for the home. Attractive high candle power inverted arcs for stores, halls, etc. The best proposition going for hustling agents. Write today for agents terms and territory. *Handsome Catalog Free.* **Superior Mfg. Co., 275 Second St., Ann Arbor, Mich.**

"You poor, poor old man. How deeply I sympathize with you in your bereavement. It is terrible to have a bright young life snatched away ——"

"Yas, suh, it sho do put me in a bad fix. Here I is widout a cent. Please, suh, lemme have fifty dollars to bury dat boy; he orter have a nice funeral."

"Fifty dollars!" J. Curtius froze up. His clients always borrowed; it was part of the game. His part of the game was to refuse delicately and not drive them away. But this case could be compromised at once for a thousand. That much was a cinch.

"Certainly, old man; wait until I can run across to the bank and get the money." He preferred not to make a check payable to Noah; that might look too bad. So he got cash and took a wrought-iron receipt.

Noah folded the money and remarked: "Willie is got to have a nice funeral dis time. Dat udder time we couldn't do very much fer 'im."

"What other time?"

"Yas, suh, when we buried his legs. It didn't look right to make a big to-do over dem. Dat funeral come up so onhandy, 'peared like we couldn't do nothin' wid it. Now we kin git de brass band. He ma sho will be proud."

. . . . . .

Rufe waited at the bottom of the stair with Solomon. Noah passed him an imperceptible nod; Rufe acknowledged the pleasing information by an invisible smile. Both of them knew they had to shake Solomon, negotiate loans with three other lawyers, and catch the first train. They had done it before, and they did it once more.

. . . . . .

The unwinding of Noah's tangle commenced at the courthouse on the following day.

"Billy," the sheriff called in to the clerk, "you are getting mighty careless, or is it a joke? Here's the fourth summons in two days of Noah Mix against the railroad."

"Straight goods," answered the clerk. "There are four suits filed; two yesterday evening and two this morning."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Think he had a flock of geese killed and is suing for 'em on a severance."

The sheriff turned on his heel. "My business is to serve this summons, and I'll do that all right."

The railroad was duly summoned to answer at the bar of justice, and four lawyers sat in their separate offices awaiting developments.

The railroad people kept suspiciously quiet; and four lawyers, each for himself, wrestled with the temptation to suggest an immediate compromise. No, that would look like weakness. So they tightened their belts and staved off their creditors until court met.

Each man of the four discovered at the same moment that three rank outsiders had filed suit for Noah Mix. Then they glared at each other when they met upon the street.

On the first day of court every member of the bar assembled to see what was going to happen. The call of the docket proceeded until Judge Stanley reached the innocent-looking entry: "No. 1242, Noah Mix against the Great Western Railroad. Simmons for the plaintiff; Ellett for the defense."

Honorable J. Curtius Mandel was already on his feet, icy and dignified.

"If your Honor please, I feel impelled to make a statement. I have the honor to represent the plaintiff. He came to my office, retained me in the case, and I filed the suit which is numbered 1244."

John Redding and Judge Dean sprang from their chairs and crowded up to the bar.

"If your Honor please," they broke out together.

"One at a time, gentlemen. I will hear Mr. Mandel."

Mr. Mandel frigidly proceeded. "Imagine my astonishment to find that three eminent gentlemen have likewise filed suits, assuming to represent my client. I am at a loss to understand."

Thereupon Mr. John Redding and Judge Dean, in a duet which jangled out of tune, contributed to his enlightenment. Noah Mix had retained each of them; they had brought suits; they were at a loss to understand, and so forth.

Two men in the courtroom did understand, but they sat perfectly still—Captain Ellett, attorney for the railroad, and Joe Sawyer, the claim agent. Sawyer

The Originator of Stein-Bloch Clothes

Nathan Stein began making clothing when sixteen years old. At sixty he was making better and finer garments than any man in America.

He passed out at eighty, the supreme past master of his craft, yet always a worker, always a learner. He has imitators, but no competitors.

Nathan Stein was the Nestor of the modern clothing business, and a Prophet of the Better Day * * * The garments he made were works of art, thought out and dreamed out * * *

The Stein-Bloch Company is the lengthened shadow of Nathan Stein. He lifted the business of making ready-to-wear clothing out of the realm of the booth and the bazar, and placed it beyond haggle and barter.

He made it a matter of friend supplying friend with exquisite garments at a fair price.

From
"THE TALE OF TWO TAILORS"
By Elbert Hubbard.

★ ★ ★

The above quotation furnishes the reason which actuated a great London merchant in offering Stein-Bloch clothes exclusively to his London patrons.

The fall and winter styles are ready at your leading clothier's. Their price is within reach of your pocketbook and your self-respect. Try on these clothes.

The Stein-Bloch booklet, "Smartness," presenting these styles, is mailed on request.

Look for this Label. It means 55 years of Knowing How.

The Stein-Bloch Co.
Wholesale Tailors

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Tailors for Men

Offices and Shops:
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

LONDON:
Selfridge & Co., Ltd.
Oxford St., West.

NEW YORK:
The Fifth Avenue B'l'y

Although there are other good hunting boots, you won't make a mistake when you buy a

Menz "Ease"

A perfect boot. Designed and built to insure foot ease—absolute comfort on an all day's tramp. Fits like a glove in the leg and around ankle, instep and heel seat. You know that's important if you ever had a good day's sport spoiled, or a day's work made unbearable by ill-fitting boots.

The upper leather is Menz "Ease" process of tannage. Tough and strong but very soft and pliable, although not greasy like other upper leathers. Never gets hard and full of uncomfortable wrinkles. An ideal leather for hunting boots and everyday shoes for all sorts of service in all sorts of weather. Originated by us and the only upper leather we cut for the Menz "Ease" and its duplicate for boys, the "American Boy."

The 16-inch Menz "Ease" Hunter illustrated; Goodyear Welt, double sole, waterproof Elk outsole, calf-lined vamp, . $9.50

The most popular "American Boy" for winter is the 10-inch height, one buckle and strap, tan and black, sizes 1 to 5½—$4.00, illustrated in

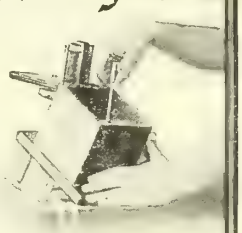
CATALOG C

and thirty other styles Menz "Ease" and "American Boy" 6 to 16-inch heights.

Always look for the yellow label and name on sole, and if your dealer hasn't the genuine Menz "Ease" and "American Boy" you can buy direct from us at the regular retail prices, delivery charges prepaid.

MENZIES SHOE COMPANY
Makers
DETROIT
MICH.

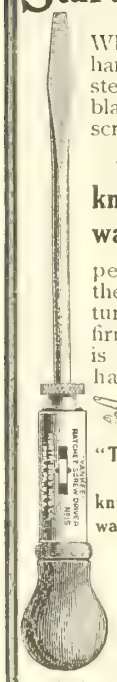
Starting a wobbly screw



While the hand steadies blade and screw

this knurled washer

permits the thumb and forefinger to turn the blade until the screw is firmly started. Then the screw is driven home by turning the handle. That is the special advantage of the



"Yankee" Ratchet Screw Driver No. 15

"This is the knurled washer"

Made in four sizes:

2-in. Blade	40c
3-in. Blade	45c
4-in. Blade	50c
5-in. Blade	55c

Your dealer can supply you. Ask for "Yankee" No. 15.

There is a "Yankee" tool for every need in driving screws and drilling holes. The "Yankee" Tool Book, showing 66 different kinds and sizes, sent free to mechanic or handy man about the house.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

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tugged at the captain's coat. Ellett shook his head. "Wait a minute, Joe. Let 'em fight it out among themselves." The assembled bar was uncharitable enough to smile. But the Honorable J. Curtius proceeded in deadly earnest.

First he eliminated John Redding and Judge Dean. "Your suits were filed on the 18th and mine on the 17th." George Simmons popped up like a Jack-in-the-box: "And mine was filed before yours, as proven by its place on the docket."

J. Curtius reared his gangling figure into an icy pinnacle, and frosted this interloper. "Young man, the law recognizes no fraction of a day ——"

Judge Stanley rapped for order. "Gentlemen, I am in doubt. Matters like this are between you and your client; they should be arranged outside the courtroom."

Each of the four reluctantly admitted that he had not seen his client since the suit was filed. The tension became silent and acute.

Captain Ellett addressed the court with that quizzical smile of his: "If your Honor please, I think I can settle——"

"Settle!" exclaimed the four. "Settle!" a word of mellow joy, fell like balm upon the shysters' souls. In learned vernacular it meant that the corporation was "fixin' to give milk."

"I shall be glad to talk settlement," responded the Honorable J. Curtius.

"I demand the right to be present——"

"And I."

"And I."

Captain Ellett began his genial progress toward the consultation-room, and the four crowded after.

The captain took a comfortable chair and prepared to enjoy himself. Joe Sawyer sat behind him with a bundle of papers.

"Gentlemen," began the captain, "I should like to be assured which of you represents the plaintiff." The din broke out afresh. Ellett put up both hands. "It is no use trying to get you to agree. Mr. Simmons, I believe you filed the first suit?"

"Yes, sir; by which I acquired the prior right."

"Very well, sir; you brought suit on the faith of a letter, purporting to have been written by our general counsel, offering Noah Mix a compromise."

Simmons nodded.

"That letter bore no date, because the date had been carefully torn off."

Again Simmons nodded.

"Let me inform you that the letter was genuine, but it was written many years ago to the real Noah Mix. Your client's name is Wesley Grainger, and nobody knows how he got possession of that old letter."

"But the broken handhold," suggested Simmons.

"Picked up in a junk pile. That negro never had a son; there was no accident at Jones' Switch ——"

"But the porter said ——"

"His accomplice. They have played that trick fifty times. Sawyer, how many suits have we had?"

Joe Sawyer opened a package and spread his papers on the table—offers of compromise from lawyers, court summons and certificates of dismissal: "Here they are, forty-six in all."

"Read 'em, boys," said the captain. "Some mighty good readin' in there."

Four lawyers bent over the table in various attitudes of disgust. Ellett puffed away on his cigar and gave them time.

"Simmons honest, how much did that old negro stick you for?" He shot out the question with such blunt directness that Simmons answered: "I loaned him thirty-five dollars to bury his son."

Captain Ellett threw back his head and laughed. "That makes the forty-seventh funeral—not counting his legs. Mandel, how much did you pay for your funeral?"

Honorable J. Curtius paced the floor, and his wrath burst. "It's a swindle, a damnable swindle. You should have exposed it, Captain Ellett. It was your professional duty, sir. The ethics of the bar demand ——"

"Hold on, Mandel, don't tear your shirt. I know how these cases are worked up." Captain Ellett looked him squarely in the eye. "I have been a railroad lawyer for twenty years, and Noah Mix gives me the most fun I get out of the job. Take your medicine like a man, pay the costs, and don't grumble. People might be unkind and laugh."

Honorable J. Curtius left the room, not with dignity, but with emphasis. And he slammed the door violently behind him.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin

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"The 24-Hour St. Louis" will leave New York 6.25 P. M., North Philadelphia 8.17 P. M., and arrive St. Louis at 5.25 P. M. the next day. Connecting train will leave Washington at 7.00 P. M., and Baltimore 8.00 P. M.

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THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 15)

Stetson's first reply was: "Don't let Carte fool you. Mr. ——"—mentioning the manager I have referred to—"has secured the opera, and Carte is only playing you against him."

Again I cabled back, urging the importance of the matter and telling him I was sure of my position.

Again he answered: "What is Carte feeding you on over there? He can't fool me. Better quit and come home."

My twenty-four hours were fast passing away, and I began to lose patience with Stetson when I saw such a good chance slipping away. I finally wired: "I can close contract in five minutes if you will open the time. Answer yes or no." That brought a quick reply from Stetson of "All right," and in ten minutes after the receipt of the cable I had the contracts signed.

While we were sitting in the office of Mr. Carte awaiting the reply from Stetson the boy came in with a card for Mr. Carte bearing the name of the New York manager. He evidently was tired of waiting to hear from Carte and concluded to call himself. He did not succeed in seeing Carte, and the next day after the announcement was made that Stetson had procured the opera I met the manager and he immediately began to berate me for stealing the opera from him. My answer was: "Well, I don't know how Stetson arranged the time, but he did and cabled over last night closing it. Do you know, I feel pretty sore about this? Here I come over to do business for Stetson, and he goes to work and cables over and closes a contract himself."

"Well, let me tell you something," said Mr. ——; "I'll get even with him. I am going to produce the opera with my own company before Carte can do it, and then Stetson will wish he had left it alone. I am now going to Paris to get the costumes."

Plots and Counterplots

Bidding him good-by as he started for the railway station, I immediately set out to find Carte. His idea of office hours was to close up about three and go off for the afternoon for pleasure. So I had to journey post-haste down to his summer-place on the Thames to find him. On arriving there and telling him what Mr. —— had told me, we hastened back to London and immediately began work to circumvent the New York manager.

Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan were sent for and a council of war was held and plans completed to put immediately in rehearsal a company intended for America.

Meanwhile, Carte could not understand how the New York manager could get The Mikado score, as the music had not as yet been published. He learned the method from an unexpected quarter. One afternoon Carte received an anonymous letter saying that if he would send one shilling by mail to a certain post-office address the receiver would give him some information that would prove of value to him.

The money was sent and the reply came that if he would watch in the gallery of the theater he would find two persons making notes of the music and sketching the costumes and make-up of the people on the stage. A watch was set, and both culprits were caught. They were put through what might be called the third degree, and on being threatened with prosecution, which in England meant a long term in prison for their offense, they finally confessed that they were engaged by a certain publishing firm in New York to do the work they were caught at. On promise of not being prosecuted they agreed not to inform their principals of the fact that they had been found out, but to go on with the copying of the music, telling the agent of the American firm that they could copy only a little at a time, but as fast as a sheet was completed they would mail it to New York.

To this arrangement there was a string, and that was that after copying a page of the music, note for note, they were to break off into some other tune like Hail! Columbia or Star-Spangled Banner, so that the music would be confusing, and thus the plans for an early production would be delayed.

In the mean time three distinct companies were put in rehearsal at the Savoy, Carte's theater, and the scene plots of the

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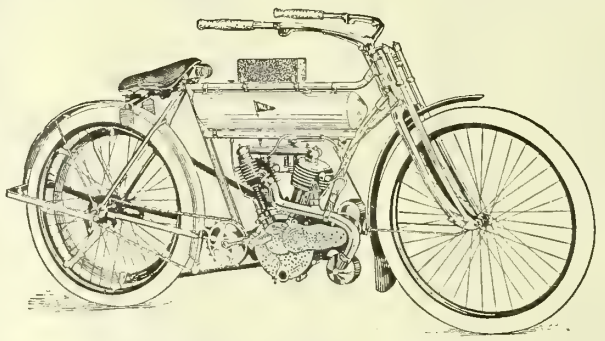

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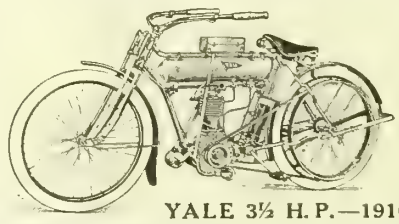

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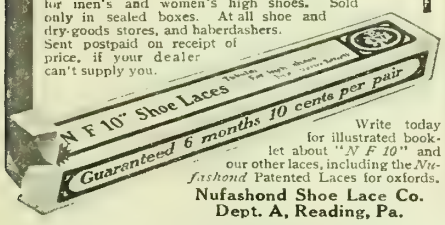

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opera sent over to Stetson, who had been informed of what was going on, with instructions to have the scenery prepared, but to observe the utmost secrecy.

Ten days previous to the time it was intended to open in New York the three companies, which had been in constant rehearsal, were notified to be in Liverpool with their necessary baggage; there they would be informed as to their ultimate destination.

The plans all worked out beautifully and the company arrived unheralded in New York, ready to give the performance, before any one was aware that they had sailed.

The engagement of The Mikado netted Stetson some forty thousand dollars, which was more than half lost on his taking over the Standard Theater for the season in order to play the attractions he had previously booked at the Fifth Avenue.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three papers dealing with the early days of the drama in America. The third will be published shortly.

WHY IS A FREIGHT RATE?

(Continued from Page 13)

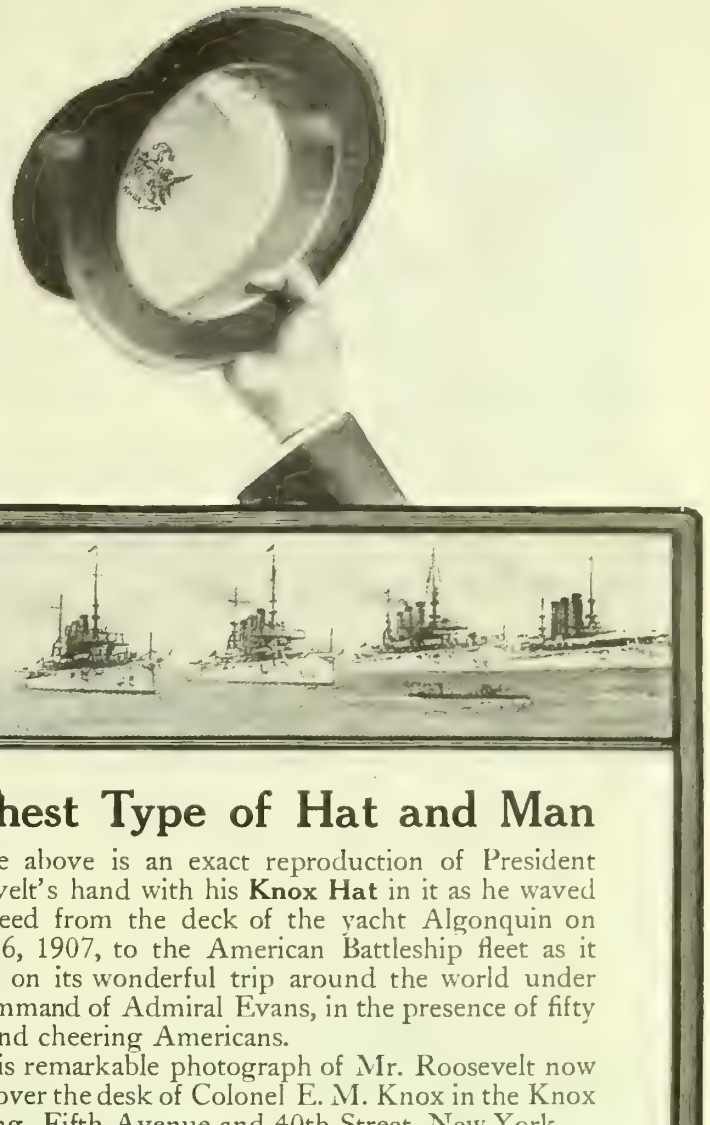
and docks they can, in a measure, control water traffic. It is said that practically all landings on the Mississippi above New Orleans, with the exception of one or two minor places, are controlled by railroads, with the result that river traffic is comparatively small. Yet the railroad freight rates along the Mississippi have to be kept low, compared with those where water competition does not exist; else river traffic would be developed in spite of the control of wharves by the railway lines.

On the Pacific Coast practically the only deep-water wharves not under the control—direct or otherwise—of the transcontinental railroads are those owned by the public at San Francisco, although Los Angeles is now engaged in a battle to wrest many miles of water-front from the control of corporations. The latter city, also, is preparing to spend ten million dollars in building a municipal harbor.

Yet, even the control of Pacific Coast harbors does not entirely eliminate water competition around Cape Horn or by way of the Isthmus of Panama or the Tehuantepec route in Mexico. The result is that the railroads are compelled to give much cheaper rates between the East and Pacific Coast terminals than between interior points in the Rocky Mountain region and the East. In fact, to many of the latter points the rates from the East are the Pacific terminal rates plus the local rate from the Pacific Coast back to the interior—and the latter are "all the traffic will bear." In fact, the rate to some interior points is even higher than that. A Utah cattleman discovered last summer that he could ship his cattle eight hundred miles to Los Angeles and then ship them back over the same track and on to the East for less money than he could ship them direct from Utah.

The railroads are accused of exercising a considerable degree of control over existing steamship lines on the Pacific Coast, but if rates were made too high it would lead to the establishment of other competing lines. It is no secret that the controlling interest in the Pacific Mail line between Panama and San Francisco is owned by the Southern Pacific; and as a consequence the Pacific Mail and the Panama route are of little consequence as competitors of the railroads in transcontinental traffic. The people of the Pacific Coast are asking the Government to maintain a Federal steamship line on the Pacific similar to that plying between New York and the Canal Zone. Such a line, they point out, would give the Government's line on the Atlantic much traffic eastbound from Panama, whereas now its ships return to New York in ballast.

The bulk of water freight between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards has been carried, in the last year or two, by the American-Hawaiian line by way of the Tehuantepec National Railroad across southern Mexico. The trip is made in from three to four weeks, which is as quick as the railroads make it on an average—much speedier, in fact, than the railroads can make in times of traffic congestion. Water competition, however, does not prevail on such perishable freight as citrus fruit, for that cannot be handled by ship



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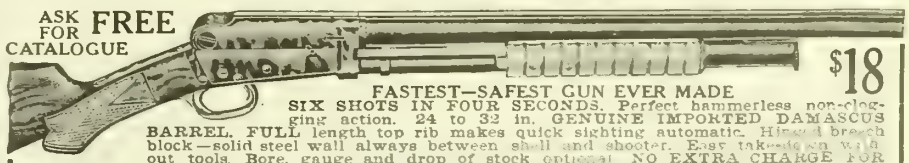

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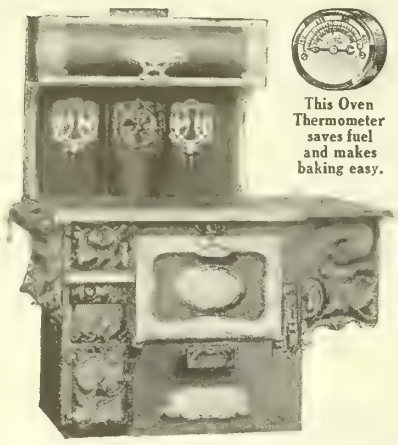

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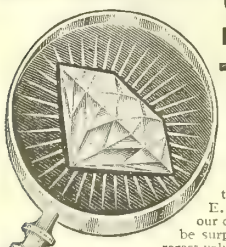

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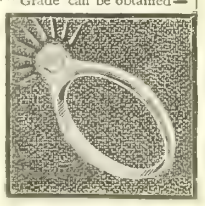

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because of the necessity of transferring it across the isthmus. Besides, the railroads handle fruit by fast freight from the trees to New York in fourteen days.

Though the rate on iron pipe from Philadelphia to Los Angeles is $10 a ton, the rate paid from the point of origin to destination is $13. The reason is that the pipe originates in Pittsburgh territory, and it costs $3 a ton to ship it from Pittsburgh to tidewater and place it on board ship. Railroads, therefore, are able to obtain a much higher rate on traffic between points away from the two coasts than they can on traffic that goes from coast to coast, although the latter distance is much the greater.

Railroad men assert that there is little margin of profit in the rates they are compelled to make to meet water competition, and the assertion probably is correct in some instances. Why, then, it is asked, do they attempt to carry business that does not pay them?

But it does pay, in a way, even if it does not yield a profit, paradoxical as the statement may seem. If the railroads did not carry this competitive traffic the rates to interior points would have to be much higher, it is asserted.

There are certain fixed expenses that must be met by a railroad, whether traffic is heavy or light. The roadbed and equipment must be maintained, interest on bonds must be met, taxes must be paid, and the salaries of officers remain the same. Of course, the wages of trainmen and freight handlers and the cost of fuel to pull trains are lessened if traffic is light, but not the other items.

The Traffic Man's Bookkeeping

Suppose a certain commodity is shipped from New York to San Francisco on which the rate is $1 a hundred pounds, made to meet water competition, although the actual cost of carrying the traffic is $1.20, half of which is the cost of handling the freight and the other half is the cost of fixed expenses, salaries and maintenance. The $1 rate would pay the cost of carrying and forty cents toward the fixed expenses. At Chicago another shipment of the same commodity is picked up, consigned to Salt Lake City, and although the distance is only half as great the rate is $1.50. The cost of handling this shipment is $1, leaving a margin of fifty cents profit. Twenty cents of that amount, however, must go to pay the deficit on the New York-San Francisco shipment, actually leaving only thirty cents to apply on surplus and dividends. The percentage of gain and loss in this example are excessive, but they are given thus to make the principle plain.

It really does not look right to carry the New York-San Francisco shipment at a loss and compel the Salt Lake consumer to make up the difference; and the fact that interior cities apparently are discriminated against in favor of the Pacific Coast is the source of much complaint.

But suppose the railroads should withdraw the low rate on the San Francisco business and allow it to go by water. The Pacific Coast would get its freight at the same rate, but the railroads would lose that much gross revenue. Their fixed expenses and the cost of maintenance and salaries would continue just the same, and they would lose the forty cents which the San Francisco traffic contributed toward these items. That forty cents would have to be made up on the Salt Lake business.

The business interests of Spokane protested to the Interstate Commerce Commission concerning an apparent discrimination of this kind in favor of Seattle. The Interstate Commerce Commission, a few months ago, decided that the theory of Pacific terminal rates was entirely justifiable; but it also decided that the Northwestern roads were making too great a profit, and that Spokane was therefore entitled to a decrease accordingly.

Now, some transcontinental traffic men are watching with considerable anxiety the progress of digging a certain ditch across the Isthmus of Panama; for when it is completed and ships are able to go direct from the Atlantic to the Pacific without the long journey around Cape Horn water competition will still further decrease rates. The Spokane decision allowed them to bring forward a new basis for rates.

"We will," they said in effect, "readjust all Spokane rates on a basis of water competition. We will take 75 per cent of the present rail rates from the Atlantic seaboard to Seattle, and add to them the local

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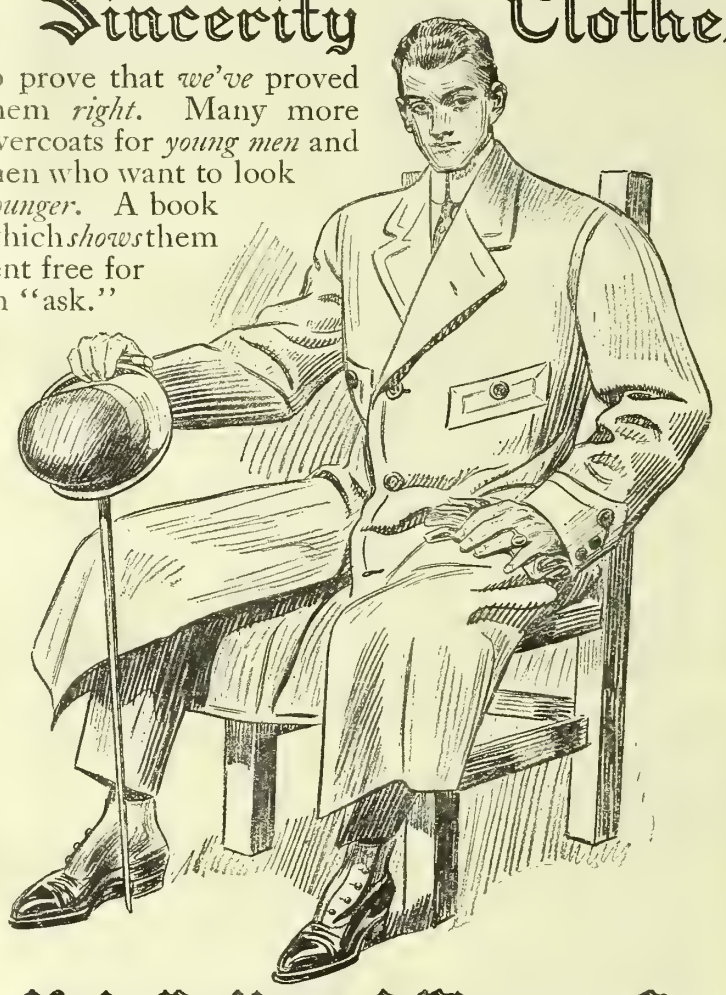

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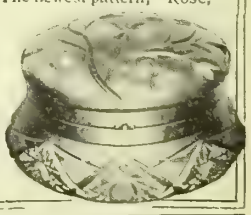

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rate from Seattle back to Spokane. This we will establish as the rate from Chicago to Spokane. Where a commodity is manufactured on the Atlantic seaboard, but is not produced in Chicago territory, we will absorb the cost of transporting it to Chicago. Where a commodity is manufactured more cheaply in the East than in Chicago we will deduct from the through rate enough to equalize commercial conditions."

This announcement had the effect of making the entire Pacific Coast sit up and take notice; for not only Spokane but many other interior cities are asking reductions, and the entire West is interested in this adjustment of rates.

Pacific Coast cities, having the advantage of water competition and its low rates, sell goods throughout the inter-mountain territory in competition with Eastern commercial centers. They discovered that such a readjustment of rates as had been suggested for Spokane would shut them out of this territory. Similarly, it would shut out the Atlantic seaboard. In other words, the railroads proposed to build up commerce between the interior points, where the completion of the Panama Canal would not affect them, and then by maintaining high local rates between the coast and the interior they might be able to maintain their traffic against water competition. The effect, the business interests of the coast cities asserted, would be to build a commercial wall between the coast and the interior.

Certain Spokane interests also were dissatisfied with the proposed new basis, for they had obtained low commodity rates on some lines of business which would be increased on the new basis.

The Value of Waterways

Freight rates make cities. Places which through natural advantages or by arbitrary rulings are made basing points and given even slight concessions in rates become commercial centers.

Years ago Cairo, Illinois, at the mouth of the Ohio River, was the natural distributing point for the Arkansas lumber traffic going to the east and north. Lumber was brought there and graded, and then shipped on. Cairo had a promising future as a lumber-distributing point.

Railroads passing through Memphis, Tennessee, desiring this lumber traffic, made a through rate on lumber from the mills in the forests to northern and eastern cities which was less than the sum of the local rates that were charged by way of Cairo. The lumber was allowed to be yarded and graded at Memphis, and the through rate was from one to three cents a hundred pounds less than by the Cairo route.

This slight concession to Memphis made little difference to the consumer. It did not affect the price of lumber in any great degree, but it was a great thing for Memphis. That city today is the largest wholesale hardwood market in the United States. It has a population of more than 100,000, much of which is dependent on the lumber industry. Cairo, notwithstanding its naturally advantageous location, has only about 12,000 population.

The opening of the rivers and the development of inland waterways for an enlarged commerce are urged in order to reduce the cost of transportation, and European countries afford an example of what can be accomplished along this line. It is argued that this would not necessarily work a hardship on the railroads, for the time is coming rapidly when the railroads will not be able to handle all the commerce of the country. When that times comes, say the waterway enthusiasts, the railways can carry the high-class traffic which pays high rates, while the low-class business, such as coal and lumber, can go by water, effecting an economic saving.

It is certain that the average man in the inland states who does not come into contact with water transportation little realizes its benefits. Commerce on the Great Lakes has grown tremendously in recent years and has been a considerable factor in building up Chicago as the great distributing center of the Central West. If it is practicable to develop the inland waterways commercially the beneficial effect on the interior territory cannot be foretold. Doubtless it would cause a readjustment of the railway-rate situation, but the brainy men who run the railroads and develop their traffic would find a way to keep their rails from rusting.

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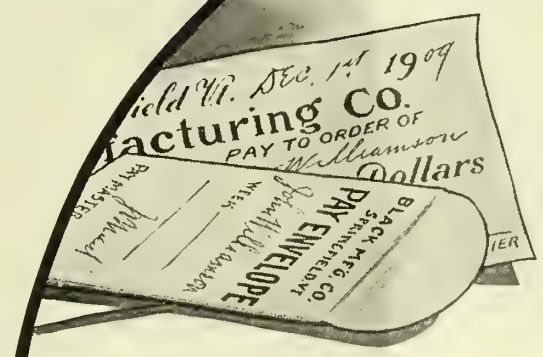

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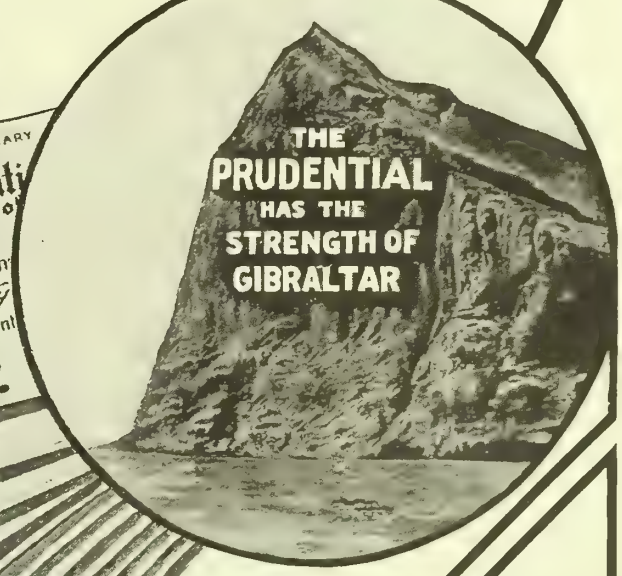

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THE LOSING GAME

(Continued from Page 17)

a share. That day Mr. Barlow—far from drawing out the nine thousand dollars of accumulated profits which had been his two days before—wired in six thousand dollars fresh money to keep good his margins. Early in the day margin money poured in from the other offices. Very often the new margin was exhausted and the money lost before it could be transferred by wire to headquarters. As the panic developed its full intensity nearly every one of the country bulls succumbed. Only a very few—who, like Mr. Barlow, could instantly command a considerable sum in ready cash—kept good their margins. By one o'clock the country sheets of the bucketshop were practically clean of stocks; all the money that had been paid in for margins and all the accumulated winnings belonged to the company.

At that hour Pound put on his hat and stepped briskly to the street. He had waited barely a minute on the flagging when a carriage drew up to the curb. Pound gave a direction to the driver and entered the vehicle. Within sat Emma, and at her feet stood a stout leather bag. Agreeably to Pound's direction the carriage drew up before a department store, which he entered, carrying the stout bag. But he walked directly through the establishment and down to the Norse National Bank. There he conferred with the cashier a few moments. That official conducted him to the empty directors'-room. About five minutes later he emerged, retraced his course to the department store, came out on the other side and reëntered the carriage. He had first picked up the black bag with an easy motion, as one lifts a light object. But when he set it down again at Emma's feet it seemed heavy.

"Don't lose it," he said jocularly. "It's the best baggage we've ever had."

He left the carriage a block from the office and walked back. When he entered the office-boy told him that Mr. Lansing had been hanging to the private telephone for the last ten minutes and ringing the bell every other minute. Pound went in and took up the receiver.

"This is Mr. Pound," he said sharply. "Now, see here, Lansing, I'm not going to be bothered this way. I've told you I'm busy. When I have that statement ready I'll send it over to you. I don't want to hear from you again until I do send it. I've got something else to do. In fact, I'm going to disconnect the telephone," with which grossly-discourteous speech he put the receiver on the desk and walked out.

The stock market closed in New York at two o'clock, St. Paul time, but for a quarter of an hour quotations continued to come in. The trade had been so enormous that the wires could not keep up with it. The quotation man, ready to drop from weariness, was just thankfully writing "Closed" on the blackboard, when Mr. Lansing entered very briskly, dabbing the perspiration from his brow with a fine cambric handkerchief. He came with such haste, in fact, that a crossings policeman was minded to arrest the chauffeur until he saw the occupants of the car. For Mr. Lansing was not alone. Benjamin F. Totherow, a leader of the bar, accompanied him. The three entered Pound's room.

Pound was quite cool. He noticed that the commission merchant's eyes glistened excitedly, and even as he sat down he began fiddling nervously with his eyeglasses. But the lawyer turned a lean, bold face upon the bucketshop man much like a hawk hovering over a plump little chick. Obviously the callers were in haste.

"I came to settle up our account, Pound," said Mr. Lansing with a nervous briskness, yet quite cheertully, swinging his glasses by their tiny black ribbon.

"Well, now, Mr. Lansing," Pound began in a mild and propitiating way, "this runs into a pretty big sum. I suppose it isn't unusual—isn't really anything out of the way, as you might say—when the amount is so large, to grant some accommodation."

"Oh, no! Not unusual at all, Pound! Not unusual at all!" Mr. Lansing replied, very cheerfully indeed. He settled to a more comfortable posture in his chair, contentedly swinging his eyeglasses a little faster, and even turned to beam upon Mr. Totherow triumphantly. "That is, you understand, Pound—as a matter of course—a reasonable accommodation. Part

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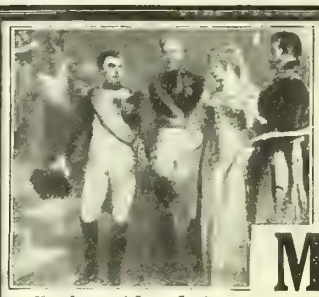
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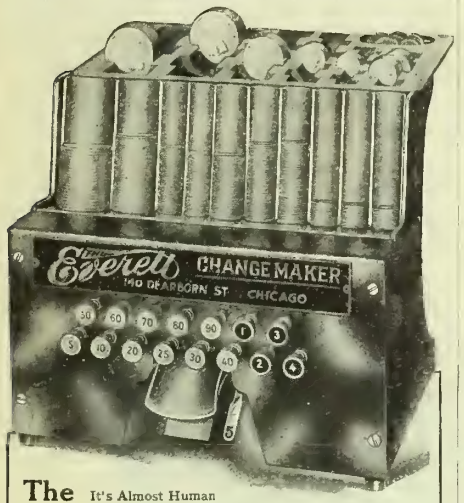

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cash; part time—with reasonable security." He nodded his head at the bucketshop man with good-natured condescension. "What would be your idea now, Pound, of a reasonable accommodation?" he asked encouragingly.

"Why, I hardly know," Pound replied thoughtfully. "I hardly know what to say. If it would be satisfactory to you, Mr. Lansing—quite satisfactory to you," he repeated apologetically, "I would be willing to take twenty-five per cent in cash and your notes for the remainder at six months—with fair security, as you said."

Mr. Lansing seemed stricken with paralysis. His jaw dropped. The hand that was swinging the eyeglasses froze stiff in the middle of a beat. "You'd take—my notes?" he gasped incredulously.

"If that suits you, Mr. Lansing," Pound replied mildly. As mildly he added: "Here's my statement of the account. See if it agrees with yours."

He took the statement from his drawer and handed it over. Mr. Lansing stared down at it in a dazed sort of way for a moment, and then murmured with a kind of awe, "Gracious Heavens!"

For on this statement all of Mr. Lansing's purchases of Northern Pacific stock appeared as sales. It showed that the commission merchant had been "short" with the bucketshop one thousand shares of that stock, and as the trades had been closed at five hundred dollars a share, his loss on Northern Pacific amounted to four hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Lansing had—according to the statement and in fact—been "short" some three thousand shares of other stocks, and those trades, having been closed at the panic prices, showed a profit of eighty thousand dollars. Thus, on the net balance, according to Pound's statement, Mr. Lansing owed the bucketshop three hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

The commission merchant seemed bereft of sense. He turned stupidly to his lawyer and tried to explain it. "You see, Totherow? You see what he's done?" he stammered weakly. "My purchases of Northern Pacific—you see—he's put them down as sales. He says I was short a thousand shares of Northern Pacific." He shook his head as though dumfounded, and murmured again, "Gracious Heavens!"

The lawyer turned to Pound with an angry, menacing look which the latter met with an expression of innocent surprise. "Why, Mr. Lansing," he expostulated, "of course you were short. You know you never bought anything. You were always short."

Pound's virtuous indignation rose. He rumpled his hair, blustered, thumped the table. In a moment all three were shouting at once. But Pound's lungs were strongest. He outshouted them. Of course Lansing was "short" of Northern Pacific; Lansing was always "short" of everything; they couldn't bluff him; he wanted his money—three hundred and twenty thousand dollars! He banged away at the table, bawled, gesticulated. Why, he could prove it right from the original entries of the trades! Here they were! They could see for themselves! Whereupon he flung down the little red memorandum book.

This book contained the only record in Pound's office of the transactions between Lansing and himself, and this record consisted simply of a series of entries made in pencil. Sure enough, it showed that all the trades in Northern Pacific were sales, not purchases. Of course, there was a rubber on the other end of Pound's pencil.

To be sure, Mr. Lansing had his own record, and various memoranda bearing Pound's initials. Yet Pound insisted that the little red book was the true record; defied them to prove otherwise. As a matter of fact, the whole business was illicit, the transactions were gambling agreements, and it was exceedingly doubtful that a court would enforce them. But Benjamin F. Totherow was not out of trumps. Amid the senseless clamor he suddenly collected himself and sprang up.

"Very well! Very well! We'll come to the showdown!" he cried menacingly. "Mr. Pound, with your kind permission, I'll use your telephone."

Pound himself took the instrument from the desk and handed it over to the lawyer with a politeness as mocking as his own. It took Mr. Totherow a minute to get the connection. Then, to the person at the other end of the wire he said loudly: "This is Totherow. Go ahead instantly."

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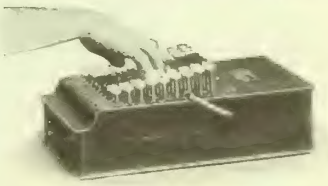

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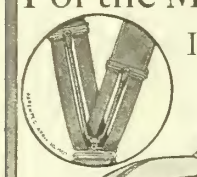

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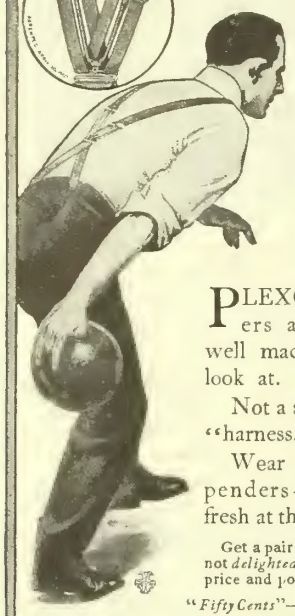

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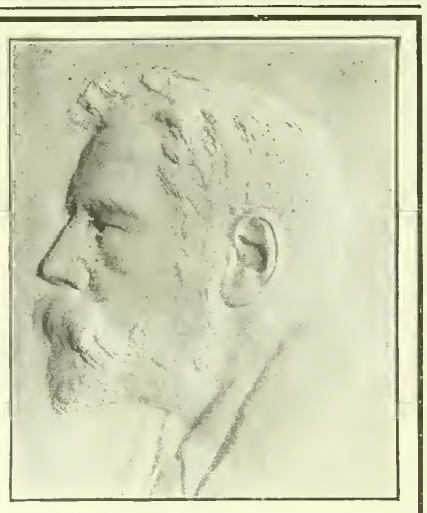

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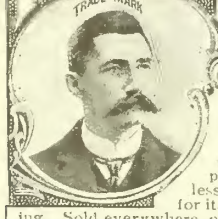

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For a minute or two the little room was still. The only sounds were those made by the lawyer in stepping across to the table and reseating himself. Very deliberately, in low but full and scornful tones, he addressed the bucketshop man.

"We came here, sir, to settle this account," he said. "Mr. Lansing was aware that he had a slippery fish to deal with, so he called me in. We came prepared. We were ready to settle with you reasonably. We would have accepted fifty thousand dollars in cash, and your note, fairly secured, for another fifty thousand. With that we would have wiped the slate. We will still settle on those terms if you accept them immediately." He paused; but Pound did not deign to reply.

"I am not in the habit," Mr. Totherow continued with justifiable pride, "of having clients of mine sent away empty-handed. So, while I was prepared to settle amiably, I was also prepared to force a settlement. Probably you banked on Mr. Lansing's unwillingness to appear publicly as a patron of a bucketshop. It is not necessary for him so to appear. He has already assigned his claim against you to a third person." The lawyer again paused an instant and leveled a long forefinger at Pound. "On behalf of that third person," he added very deliberately, "I have attached your bank account. The papers will be served immediately. You can't move a dollar until you settle with us; not a dollar!" He leaned back and smiled.

Pound simply reached over and touched the button on his desk. When the office-boy appeared he said: "Jimmy, just call up the Norse National Bank and ask them to tell you the amount of our balance; say I want to know."

In silence they heard the boy telephone, and as he waited for a reply Pound turned to Mr. Lansing. "Would you like to hear the answer?" he asked coolly. "Jimmy, hand the telephone to Mr. Lansing here."

Doubtfully and half mechanically Mr. Lansing took the instrument from the boy. In a moment he exclaimed excitedly: "What's that? What's that? Two thousand?" He listened again; then put down the instrument and turned mournfully to his lawyer. "They've got only two thousand three hundred and sixteen dollars in the bank," he said.

Pound laughed gently, but Mr. Totherow blushed. The lawyer had calculated that, at the close of such a day as this, the bucketshop would have a great deal of money in the bank. He now perceived that Pound had anticipated exactly that calculation. "You've drawn the money out of the bank," he said sternly; "but it will do you no good. I'll find it." Whereat Pound gently laughed again, and again Mr. Totherow blushed with annoyance. He was aware that it was much easier to talk of finding the money than to do it.

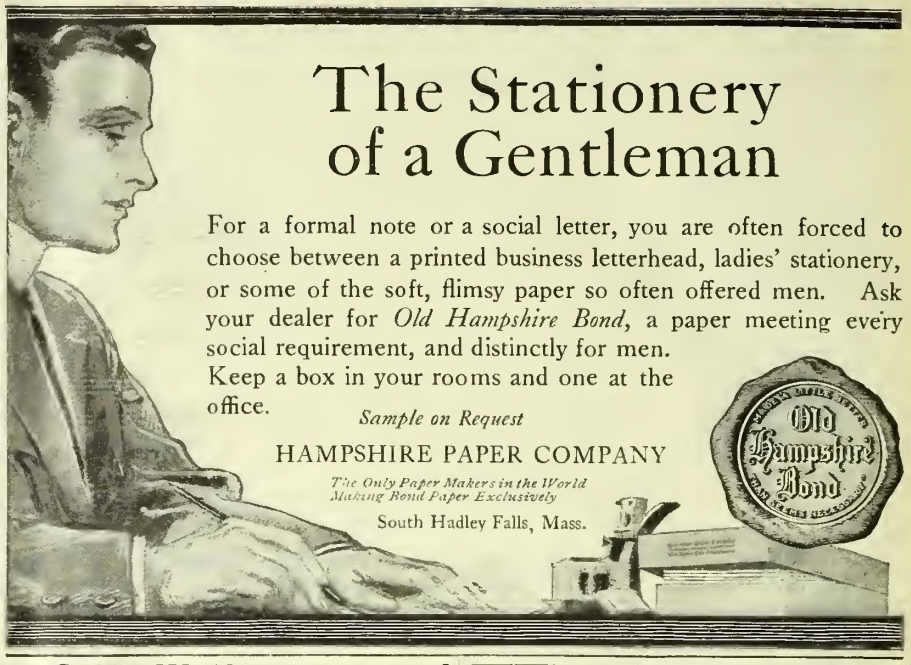
"I haven't any money in the bank," said Pound. "And you couldn't hold it if I had. But I have a valid claim against Lansing & Co. for three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. So help me, I'll bring suit against them tomorrow for the whole amount, and see that every newspaper in St. Paul and Minneapolis gets the story—just how Mr. Charles Francis Lansing, the eminent 'regular' commission merchant, took his confiding customers' stock orders and sent 'em over to a bucketshop. It will make quite a sensation, I judge. We'll wipe the slate right now and pass receipts in full, or I'll bring that suit tomorrow, so help me!"

Mr. Lansing gave one gasp and collapsed. They wiped the slate.

Pound went home shortly after four o'clock—rather tired, but quite happy. In the modest flat he and Emma opened the stout black bag and looked admiringly down at its contents—which consisted of eighty thousand dollars in banknotes. Not a soul besides themselves could assert a legal claim to a dollar of it.

They were not usually a demonstrative pair. But now Emma leaned affectionately against her husband's shoulder and laid an arm lightly about his neck. It reminded her of the time she had stood in a dingy hallway in Chicago, peering at a tiny roll of bills that nestled in her handbag, and had decided to cast in her lot with the man who was now her husband. The heap of tangible wealth in the black bag looked impassively up at them. To such satisfactory proportions had that little nest-egg in her handbag grown.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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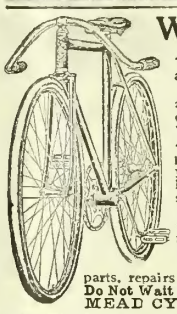

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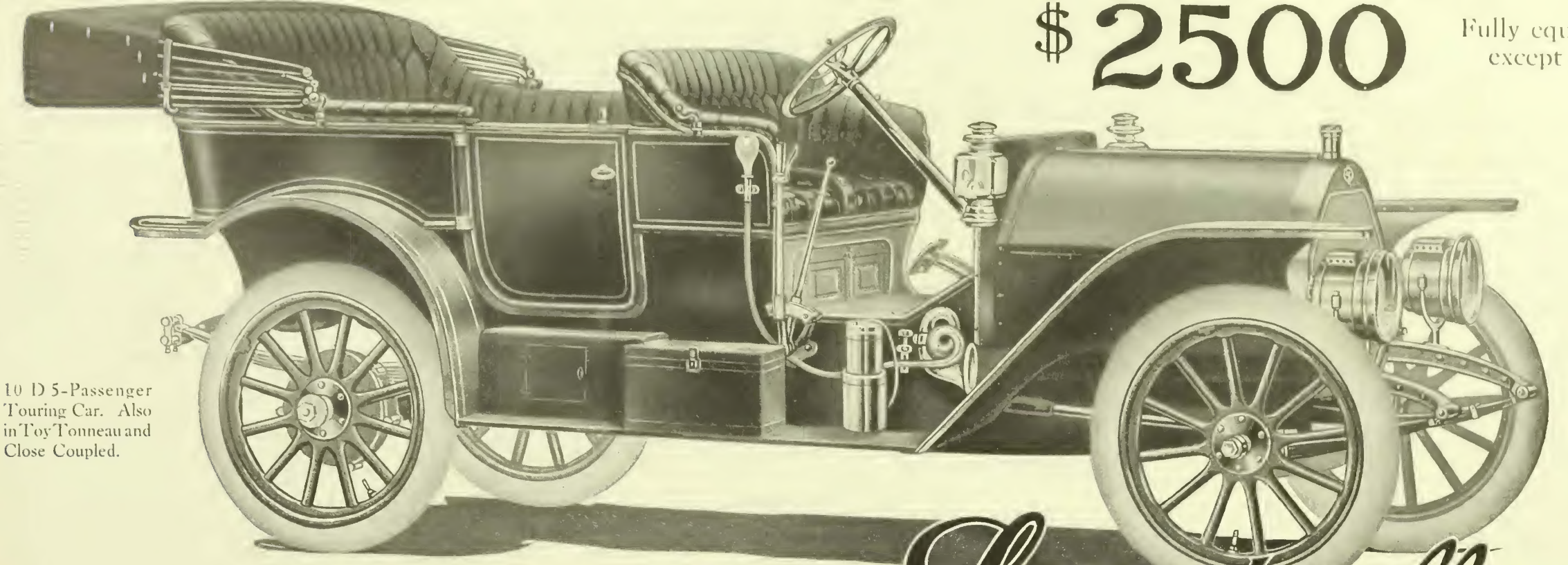

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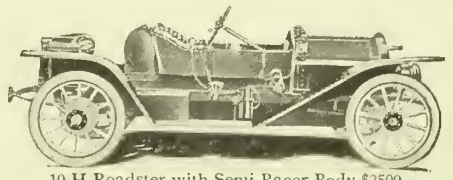

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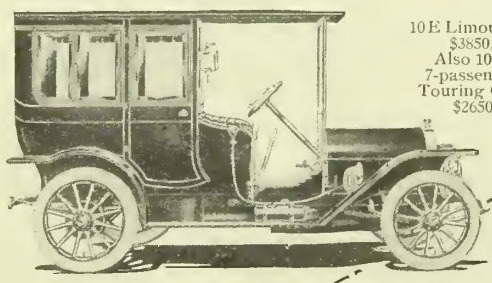

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COLUMBIA

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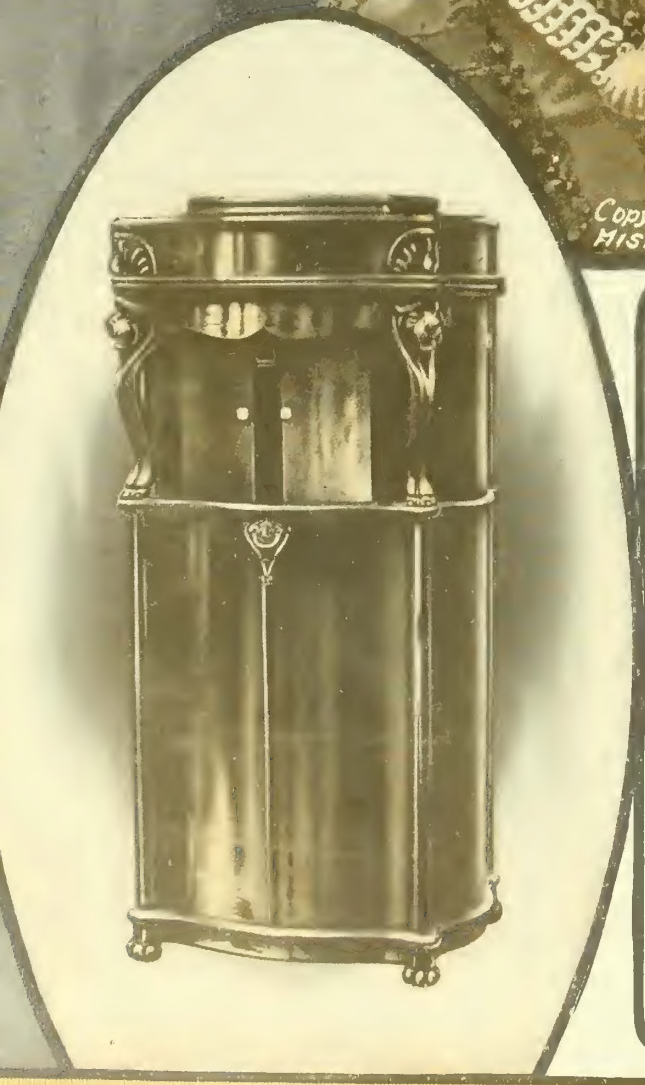


CONSTANTINO

The Great Spanish Tenor

Sings exclusively for the Columbia

10-inch Double-Disc Records - $1.50
12-inch Double-Disc Records - $2.50

GRAFONOLA

THE ONE INCOMPARABLE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

THE Grafonola marks an epoch in the evolution of the perfect musical instrument.

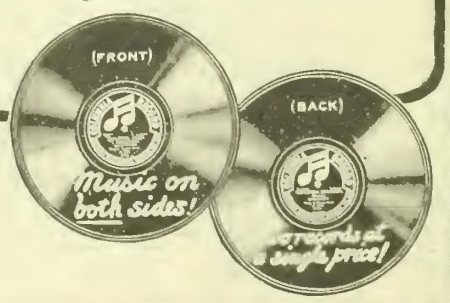
By its use of Double-Disc talking-machine records, it is in reality a Graphophone—but a Graphophone of marvelous richness of tone, and entirely self-contained—without the horn or any other recognizable talking-machine feature. Its construction embodies entirely unique principles of sound-reproduction and of tone-projection.

The added $25, in the $225 instrument, secures you a Regina equipment, including twelve Regina tune discs, that in a smaller casing is being placed in thousands of drawing-rooms at $100. The Regina Music-Box has its hosts of friends among lovers of music. Its combination with the Grafonola brings to the home everything that can be sung or spoken or played.

There are "concealed-horn" talking-machines on the market already. If you will make just one comparison you will own a Grafonola. You can make this comparison by stepping into any store where Columbia records are carried in stock—or you can do it fairly well by mail. We have an advance catalog ready for you. Ask for the *Grafonola* catalog.

Double-Disc Records—65c.

Played on your own machine, no matter whether it's a Columbia or not, Columbia Double-Disc Records will give you better music and longer service. Get *Columbia* Double-Discs. Don't take "no" for an answer. We can give you the address of a nearby dealer; or send us 65 cents and we will send you a sample record, postage free, with a catalog



Columbia Phonograph Company, Gen'l,

Dept. A10, Tribune Building, New York

Manufacturers of Disc and Cylinder Graphophones, $20. to $200
Double-Disc and Indestructible Cylinder Records. Dealers in all principal cities. Headquarters for Canada 40 Melinda Street, Toronto, Ont.

DEALERS WANTED

Exclusive selling rights given where we are not properly represented

THE COLUMBIA
GRAFONOLA
DE LUXE - $200.00
WITH REGINA ATTACHMENT $225.00)